THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

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THE O'MALLEYS.

Miss Banim Gives a Graphic Description of the Clan and the Country they Inhabited.

Something About the Romance Surrounding the Name of Grace O'Malley.

BY THE SHORES OF CLEW BAY.

A glorious day! brilliant sunshine, a fresh, exhilarating breeze, a light Irish jaunting car, and a horse willing to go at any pace. The scenery of Clew Bay on one side, in front and on the other side wooded slopes, out of which the extensive white warehouses of Westport rise like chateaux from their demesnes; the pretty villages that dot the coast line; next to St. Patrick's mountain, coming closer and closer as we flew along; loveliness beyond description—almost beyond belief—everywhere the eye could rest. And, could we tire for a moment of gazing at all these beauties, we had but to look at one of our companions on the opposite side of the car, to enjoy the sight of the very handsomest young girl we had seen since coming to the West, so famed for its pretty women. Is it any wonder that, with such surroundings, one should feel as if half in Paradise? as if having at least one good day in Tir na n Oge. We bowled along, as gay and light-hearted, as utterly oblivious of those days when it might rain or grow dark as I do believe only the true Celt can ever be. We saw everything; not a little child, not a flower, not a pretty spot on the wayside or in the landscape escaped us; we looked at, admired, found pleasure in every possible thing and every conceivable object—even from the seven magpies that flew across our path, for we agreed that the mystic seven must mean some wonderful luck for us all.

PASSING THE VILLAGE OF KILLEDANGAN

we watched the busy people in the farms by the wayside, some working at the hayricks or building the sheep ricks—round, nicely shaped, sloping a little outwards as they rise, then tapering into a point, and roofed in with thatch most artistically fashioned from the starting point of the [illegible] in the centre, or nearly in the centre, or the pole in the sheep ricks is [illegible]y placed to one side; why, I have forgotten to ask, but a particular reason for so placing the prop there must be, as the art of fixing it at the exact inclination is considered a very nice one among rick-builders. In the barns beside the hoggarts the men—and often the women—were busy at the twisting of the rope, one standing inside the door, the second walking backwards, winding and winding, and twisting and twisting as he walked, the scene bringing visibly to the mind the ballad and the fine old air of "The Twisting of the Rope."

As we drove further along the shore, the wider grew the bay, the grander and lovelier the surroundings, and the more objects of interest were to be seen. Here, to the right, beside the road, was a tumulus, the burial place of some long forgotten king, a place said by the country people to contain vast riches. But who would be daring enough to dig them up? Fairy rings and Druid stones are all about the tumulus or mout, which is a small, perfectly round grassy mound, on which the sod grows fine, short, and as vivid an emerald green as it always does grow in the fairy rings. It is certain the place contains relics of bygone days, for on the opposite side of the road is a country mansion built on the site of such another mout, and the owner of the ground has in his possession most valuable and interesting objects that were discovered when the foundations of his house were laid. It must have required courage to disturb the long rest of the sleeper in the tumulus and to build on such ground in face of the many prejudices of the peasantry against interfering with the territory of the "good people. Not far from this place of Killedangan is a pretty spot called Lecanbay, and here, elevated on a mound immediately above the bay, is

A SNOW WHITE CROSS

—a beacon and a welcome home for returning fishermen, a last object for the eyes of exiles leaving Westport to dwell upon, for here the bay widens and the sight of the port is lost.

And now Croagh Patrick is the boundary wall on the land side, the great mountain looking so steep and craggy and so impossible to scale that one is tempted to say the ascent could never be attempted. From this side it could not, the ascent has to be made from the opposite slope. But first we were to visit Murrisk Abbey, and soon turned into a shady road leading to that ancient ruin, not far from which I noticed a police station with the sad date of "'48" over its entrance. Many a sorrowful sight the men first stationed in that barrack saw!

Murrisk Abbey is an exceedingly picturesque ruin of what must have been a beautiful and extensive building, all of which has disappeared but the nave and chancel and a vaulted apartment which has the appearance of a crypt. There are the remains of the ancient stone altar, broken in two, but on which the crucifixion can be distinctly traced. There are also many venerable tombs, but it is sad to see how neglected the churchyard is. I remarked this in many such places, and asked an old woman why those who still have the right of burial would not try and keep the weeds and nettles from overrunning these sacred places. The reply was that the greater number of those belonging to the dead are now beyond the sea, and the few at home are too poor and too hard worked to look after the graves.

It is a pity to see so many fine ruins neglected that would, if a little cared for, be highly picturesque mementoes of the bygone glory of the faith of the Isle of Saints. Everywhere around are to be seen the bones of the dead, many of them protruding from apertures in the wall, as if they had once been deposited there. The children who had followed us into the ruins repeated a story which is, I believe, a fact—that years ago a great ship sailed from Scotland to Ireland, the crew landed by night at various points along the islands and coast, and carried off some tons of the bones of the dead, whose remains had accumulated during centuries in the old churches and burial grounds. This shocking act of desecration was perpetrated by a bone manure company of Glasgow.

HUMAN BONES AND SKULLS

can still be found about Murrish Abbey. We picked up and placed together the skull of perhaps some old Augustinian monk, and, having carefully matched all the pieces, put away the poor head in one of the numerous apertures in the wall, closed up the opening with a stone, and warned the children not to remove that head, lest the owner should walk after them to the day of judgment. The boys, who had solemnly watched the bringing together and the burial of the skull, eagerly promised never to touch or meddle with it.

Murrisk Abbey is situated right at the foot of Croagh Patrick and on a spot which commands a fine view of the bay and of Clare Island, the island home of Grace O'Malley, or O'Meila, as the name is often pronounced in Connacht. This church and monastery were founded by the O'Malley's for monks of the Augustinian Order, and to worship in this church, the renowned sea queen, Grace O'Malley, often came across from Clare Island or from her residence at Carrigahooly.

I confess that I am exceedingly tired of this Graine-ni Mhaile, for every guide book and every history of Western Ireland dwells on one or other of the oft repeated tales of the doings, by land and sea, of this worthy descendant of a long line of sea rovers, who were owners of Clare Island, with many other islands on the coast, and were also lords or chieftains of the peninsulas of Murrisk and Burrishoole. Still, now that we are in the midst of the ancient territory of this famous lady, something of her story may interest strangers to the locality.

During centuries the O'Malleys were daring sea rovers and free-booters, for we find in the Annals that, in 1395, "O'Connor, son of Owen O'Malley, of Mayo, went with a ship's crew to plunder in the west of Clare, and loaded three ships with goods and valuable property in that adventure, but they were all drowned, except one, between Arran Island and the coast.

"Graine ni Mhaile (Grace O'Malley) was daughter of one of the most famous of all the sea loving O'Malleys; on the death of her father, the heir being under age, she took the chieftainship into her own hands, and, developing all the instincts of her race, lived almost her entire life in her ships, roving here and there about the coast in search of adventures and warlike encounters.

"Her chief rendezvous was at Clare Island, off the coast of Mayo, where she kept her large vessels moored, and had a fortress, but she had her small craft at

CARRIG-A-HOOLY,

which was her principal residence and stronghold, and there was a hole to be seen in the ruined walls through which a cable was run from one of her ships for the purpose of communicating an alarm to her apartment on any sudden danger. It is said her piracies became so frequent that she was proclaimed and five hundred pounds offered as a reward for her apprehension, and troops were sent from Galway to take the Castle a hooly; but after a siege of more than a fortnight they were forced to retire, being defeated by the valor of Grace and her men." Lodge says that 'Grace was a lady much renowned by the natives of Connacht, who relate many adventures and remarkable actions which she performed on the sea with great courage and undaunted spirit."

These exploits were achieved by Grace before and after marriage with O'Flaherty, Prince of Tar Connacht, but after his death and her marriage with Sir Richard Burke (known to fame as husband to Grace O'Malley) she became reconciled to the government, and with her followers assisted the English forces in Connacht. For these services it is said that Queen Elizabeth wrote her a letter of invitation to the court, in consequence of which Grace, with some of her galleys, set sail for London about the year 1575, and was received at court with great honors by the queen, who offered to create her a countess; this honor Grace declined, answering, with great spirit and dignity, that both being princesses, they were equals in rank, and they could therefore confer no honors on each other. But Grace said her majesty might confer any title she pleased on her young son, who was born on shipboard during her voyage to England; the queen knighted the child, who was called by the Irish "Tiobaid na-Lung," signifying "Toby of the ship," from the circumstance of his being born on shipboard.—*Mary Banim in Dublin Freeman.*

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ROMAN ECHOES.

Bismarck and the Pope—Death of Monsignors Amoni and Hergenroether.

Coming Encyclicals and the Continental Press.

[*Roman Cor. Liverpool Catholic Times.*]

THE PAPAL COURT,

The feature of interest in the papal court has been the absence of so many of its members through illness, chiefly from the prevailing epidemic and its generally more or less faithful follower, pneumonia. Besides official audiences, which have been interrupted when the candidates for them were able to present themselves, but continued to take their usual course, the Holy Father received only on Thursday, when a number of distinguished persons were admitted to the honor of a private audience, among whom were the Countess Zamoyski and her daughter, Rev. P. Kearns, diocese of Sandhurst, Australia; Rev. P. Carroll, Victoria, Australia; Mr. A. Brophy, K.S.G., a member of the Victorian Assembly; Com. M. Harry Cassell, K.C.S.G., K.C.O.P., etc.; Rev. Father McGuinness, the chancellor of the Archdiocese of Boston, U.S.A., and some Mexicans to whom the Holy Father expressed the desire of establishing diplomatic relations with Mexico, and finished by saying: "You should draw nearer the Holy See," pointing to himself, "that is what you require, to be in closer relations with us." Mr. Algar L. Thorold only son of the Anglican Bishop of Rochester, who was received into the church about five years ago, as your readers will doubtless remember, was quite the "lion" of the day; the Holy Father received him with the greatest kindness and addressed to him words of paternal benevolence; at his special request, he also gave him a special benediction for his father the bishop, telling him that he ought to live such an exemplary life as a Catholic as to show his father what the Catholic religion really is.

BISMARCK AND THE POPE.

On Thursday, Jan. 21, Prince Bismarck sent a telegram to Herr Schloezer, Prussian minister to the Holy See, in which he gave the assurance of the Prussian government that perfect liberty would be conceded to the Catholic missionaries to enter the German colonies, even the Jesuits, and they would enjoy the full exercise of the Catholic religion without any restraint. His Excellency showed the telegram to the Cardinal Secretary of State, by whom it was communicated to the Pope, who expressed deep satisfaction at its contents. To appreciate fully the significance of this important step on the part of the German government it must be borne in mind that it was taken following directly in the wake of the defeat of Windthorst's bill to extend Art. V. of the Congo act, which provides freedom for all religions indifferently to the rest of the German colonies, which was thrown out on the third reading.

DEATH OF MGR. AMONI.

Mgr. Leopold Amoni, who had been suffering for about ten days from an acute attack of pleuro pneumonia subsequent to the influenza, passed away on Friday morning at 3:30, fortified and comforted by all the rites of the church. Mgr. L. Amoni, who was *cameriere segreto* of his Holiness, held the post of secretary to Cardinal Vanutelli when he was papal nuncio at the court of Vienna, then Mgr. Vanutelli. He was a Knight Commander of the Order of St. Francis Joseph and decorated with several other equestrian orders. He was an erudite scholar of rare mental gifts, which he always sought to improve by continual profound study, added to a singular and genuine piety.

DEATH OF MGR. HERGENROETHER.

The Holy Father on Monday sent the apostolic benediction to Mgr. Philip Hergenroether, domestic prelate of his Holiness and professor in the Episcopal Seminary of Eichstat, in Bavaria, at the request of his brother, the cardinal, as he was lying in a very critical state. It arrived just in time to comfort his last moments, as a few days after the news of the death of the distinguished prelate reached the Eternal City.

ILLNESS OF DISTINGUISHED ECCLESIASTICS.

Cardinal d'Annibale is in a very precarious state of health. He has undergone an operation, but from his very weak state he is scarcely expected to recover. Mgr. Bisleti has had another relapse from pleuro-pneumonia, but is now pronounced out of danger. It was reported that he was also suffering from typhoid fever. Mgr. Jacobini has so far recovered as to get up for about a couple of hours a day, but it will be a long time before he will be able to transact any business, and he will require the utmost care during the period of his convalescence to prevent a relapse, which would doubtless prove fatal. Cardinals Parocchi and Vanutelli have now both completely recovered from the influenza, and are able to go out. The Right Rev. Abbot Smith, O.S.B., has been suffering from a slight attack of influenza, but is now recovered.

COMING ENCYCLICALS AND THE CONTINENTAL PRESS.

The Berlin press has informed us that the Pope is now engaged on an encyclical letter concerning "The Duties of Princes," which is soon to see the light. Upon inquiry I have been assured on the most authentic authority that there is no truth in or foundation for such a report. The Paris press, on the other hand, more happy in their conjecture than their German confrères, states that another encyclical letter of Leo XIII will very soon be published, but it will be on the social question. On the highest and most perfectly reliable authority I have been assured that the Holy Father has taken up the subject for his next encyclical from where the last one left off, but, owing to the great pressure of business, it is quite premature to speak of its being published for a long time.

THE "CAPTAIN FRACASSA" AND THE PAPAL NUNCIO AT LISBON.

On the authority of the *Captain Fracassa*, it has been announced in many Italian and foreign organs that Mgr. Vannutelli was going to be recalled by the Holy Father from Lisbon, to receive the Cardinal's hat, and to be succeeded by Mgr. Mocenni, under-secretary of state to the Pope. I am able to give an emphatic denial to the statement, on the most incontestible authority. The Pope has no intention of recalling Mgr. Vanutelli; and Mgr. Mocenni is neither charged to take a letter to Lisbon, as was also stated, nor is he going as papal nuncio there.

THE POPE AND THE INFLUENZA.

The influenza is greatly on the increase, and, though not as deadly as at Paris and in many other places, yet scarcely a day passes that the fatal termination of one case or another of influenza is not announced. The latest report reckoned 100 000 cases in Rome. On account of the weakening effects of the epidemic the Holy Father has published a decree by means of the cardinal vicar dispensing all the faithful in Rome and the suburbs from fasting and abstinence during the period that the malady may hold sway.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF NEW YORK.

Monsignor Corrigan, Archbishop of New York, arrived in Rome on Feb 1, with Mr. Farren, also of New York. His Grace has come on important business with the Holy See. As his health is not very good and he has need of rest from overwork, he will probably accompany Mr. Farren and Com. M. Harry Cassel, privy-chamberlain to his Holiness, on a trip to the Holy land.

OBITUARY.

MR. WILLIAM CLERKIN.

Mr. William Clerkin died at No 26 Ashland street on Feb 6 He was born in Wisconsin thirty six years ago, and has resided in Chicago for a number of years. He was a driver on the Ogden avenue street car line for nine years, and his quiet and unassuming disposition, and upright, honorable life endeared him to his many friends. Mr. Clerkin's fatal summons came unexpectedly, and a very brief illness deprived a loving wife and three children of tender age of one of the kindest of husbands and fondest of fathers. His wife, comforted by numerous expressions of genuine sympathy, bears her affliction bravely, and is content with the will of Him who governs the destinies of mankind. The funeral took place from St. Charles' church to Calvary cemetery, and was largely attended by the general public and the members of a society to which the deceased belonged. Mr. Clerkin enjoyed the confidence and good will of a large circle of intimate friends and the generous kindness and well-merited courtesy extended to his loved ones is sincerely appreciated, and proves that love and sympathy can be practical as well as enduring. May his soul enjoy eternal bliss. J.W.M.

WILLIAM COLLINS.

William Collins, the well known Irish poet and literateur, died at his residence, No. 531 Myrtle avenue, Brooklyn, on Monday, Feb. 3, after an illness of about five weeks, in the 52d year of his age Mr. Collins, who was a most graceful and vigorous writer, and a sterling Nationalist, was a native of Strabane, county Tyrone, Ireland, and came to this country prior to the late war, in which he participated, serving in the United States Regular Army. After the close of hostilities, he settled in Cleveland, O., from which city he contributed many of his poems and prose correspondence to the Irish-American press. He was still residing there, when the Fenian raid on Canada took place, in 1866. William Collins accompanied the expedition under Gen. John O'Neill, which was originally intended to have crossed Lake Erie from Cleveland, but owing to failure of transport facilities, had to be transferred to Buffalo. As a volunteer he participated in the battle of Limestone Ridge, of the incidents of which he subsequently wrote some spirited sketches in *Redpath's Weekly*. He removed to New York in 1869, and had since been connected with various journals here, his last regular employment being on the staff of the *Sunday Tablet*. Previously, in conjunction with Mr. J. C. Curtin, another, Irish pressman, he established a weekly paper called the *Globe*, which had but a short existence. He also contributed both in prose and verse to *Donahoe's Magazine*. Mr. Collins was a man of most amiable character, in private life, and his death will be mourned by all who had the pleasure of his acquaintance, not less than those who knew him through his brilliant and patriotic writings. He leaves a widow to mourn his too early death. May he rest in peace.—*Irish American*

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all other throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all other Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper. W. A. NOYES, 820 *Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

GIVE HIM A CAMERA.

If Your Boy Raises Sheol Just let Him Have a Chance to Photograph His Neighbors.

He'll do More Execution Among Them Than all the Members of a Sewing Circle.

BROOKLYN, N Y., Feb. 24.—"What shall I do with my boys?" I sometimes wish that my friends would not so frequently propose this conundrum to me, for I never know what to say. I am sure of this one thing, however, that boys should be carefully watched to see in what direction their talents are likely to develop. I do not believe in sending a possible carpenter or machinist to college. If a boy wants to work with tools let him have the tools, and more than that, let him have first class instruction in the use of tools, if such instruction is practicable. There lives not many miles from me a boy who has been called a very bad boy for some time. He would play hookey, and would draw caricatures of everybody he knew, would kick over ash barrels and tie strings to front door bells, and saw away at them from across the street. It is a singular fact that I always liked this bad boy, not withstanding the fact that my ash barrel did not escape any more than the rest. Happening to meet him one day last fall I took occasion to sound him a little, and found that there was nothing in the world he would so much like as a camera. He knew he could take first class pictures, and had already begun to save up. He had $5 25 toward a Kodak, and his father and mother didn't know anything about it. "But why don't you tell them what you want? "I inquired. "O, ain't I?" he replied. "Pa says if I ever say camera to him again he'll put me in a reform school. Well, I don't care if he does!" he added, in a tone that went straight to my heart; "there'll be a good sight more fun there than there is home." In the mean time the bad boy had been saving up all his pennies, and a few days ago I received a call from his mother. She had come to show me some photographs taken by Johnny. They were all excellent, but there was one in particular that sent me into convulsions of laughter. The bad boy had in some remarkable way taken advantage of a moment when his father, in a fit of rage, had rushed to the back piazza to see what had become of his offspring. The picture was called, "If Ever I get my Hands on Him Again." Now I don't believe that an experienced professional could have got a better picture than this boy did, with his wonderful little Kodak, that can seize upon a subject walking or talking, and give back an absolutely perfect counterfeit presentment. And the reason of his success was his native talent and his passion for the ludicrous and ridiculous. And now pa shows the picture to everybody and praises his son's success with the rest. The ash barrels have since been right side up with care, and Johnny is turning out just as I knew he would if he were kept occupied in the line of his aptitude.

The number of communications received from young girls who are anxious to take up some special work, or develop some special talent, makes a weighty mail in in the course of a month. Many of these girls also want to take pictures, others desire instructions on instruments like the flute and the banjo, and one correspondent declares that she will yet learn to perform on the cornet. One general complaint of this younger generation is that the mothers will not allow them to cut and plan and make their own dresses. "I am given no chance to learn how to do anything for myself," an intelligent young woman complains, "although I know I have good taste and plenty of latent ability. My mother says I am so awkward and it makes her crawl to see me handle the scissors. So she invariably takes them out of my hands and does the work herself. I think this is very mean, and I wish you would write something about it." I can fully sympathize with my correspondent in the matter, for my own early experience matches hers in every particular. In fact, mine was so exceptional, and I was considered such an imbecile in the use of scissors, that when it became necessary for me to make some little garments and there was no mother at my elbow to wrest the shears from my awkward fingers, I literally cut every one of them hind side before. The tears that scalded my cheeks were tears of indignation and not of shame. This too prevalent practice of mothers in doing everything for their girls is all wrong. Let the girls spoil a few garments if they cannot learn in any other way to make their own clothes. It is criminal to send them out into the world so handicapped, so unprepared for life's common duties. It *is* "mean," scandalously mean, and I thank my young friend for asking me to say so.

"Critic" thinks that Eleanor Kirk makes very light of pen paralysis, and begs to inform this "feminine scoffer" that pen paralysis is even harder to bear than that which affects other parts of the body. It is only because of my thorough realization of the horror of helplessness, that I dwell upon the fact of the needlessness of pen paralysis. If the first symptoms are noted and writing with the pen and pencil is immediately stopped, the tendency will disappear. I have known it to be so in scores of instances. But if the first warnings are disregarded the disease grows apace. Every person compelled to write for a living should learn to use a typewriter. It is pretty work, neat, artistic work. In answer to the question whether I was forced to use the typewriter, or did it from choice, I can answer affirmatively to both. I was forced because I wanted to save time, and strength, and the awful nerve wear and tear consequent upon sitting at a desk hour after hour and day after day, wielding a pen. When I purchased my Remington I had no hint of pen paralysis, but I was tired nearly to death, and I registered a vow that I would write no more until I learned to operate that machine, and I kept my word. In one week I could not only greatly amuse myself, but I could write at least half as fast as I could with the pen, and now I can not only write a great deal faster than I ever could with a pen, but I can compose as readily at the writer as at my desk. Then I can write hours without fatigue, and write sitting up straight with shoulders thrown well back. And so I insist that if a writer will use just a little common sense there is absolutely no need of pen paralysis.

If you are blue and tired and discouraged, and good, hearty laughter is the exception and not the rule, be sure and go to the Union Square Theatre when you are in town and see "The County Fair." The situations are side splitting, and the stage setting marvelous in its naturalness. The hens picking up their food round the barn, the pert rooster, the handsome Alderney cow, and the horse that finally pays off the $3,000 mortgage on "Miss Abby's" farm, make a picture that will not easily be forgotten; and Nell Burgess —"Miss Abby"—dressed like a down East old maid even to the long wide ruffled pantalettes, which bring down the house every time she lifts the skirt of her dress can never be described on paper. The "County Fair" is a charming play, and the man or woman who does not feel better after seeing it will scarcely be helped by anything. ELEANOR KIRK

P. J SHERIDAN'S ATTITUDE.

[*To the Editor.*]

OMAHA, Neb., Feb 1890.—*Dear Sir:* Will you allow me in justice to Mr. P J Sheridan to supplement the interview with me which you recently published, and say that Mr. Sheridan did not wait till the receipt of the cablegrams which have been so extensively published, and my visit to him in Colorado to make known to his friends in Ireland the efforts the *Times* people were making to induce him to swear falsely against Mr. Parnell.

The day after Kirby's first visit to him he wrote a letter to Mr. M. Harris, M. P., giving a full and complete statement of what passed between him and the *Times* agent, and telling Mr. Harris that he would keep him posted on all Kirby's proposals.

That letter never reached Mr. Harris as the following will show:

"BALLINASLOE, Aug. 29, 1889—*P. J. Sheridan, Esq. My Dear Sheridan:* It was only last Monday, the 26th inst., that your letter dated May 11 reached me. In this letter of the 11th you say that you had written a letter previous to that date and you accuse me of 'breach of confidence.' It may surprise you to learn that I never got any such letter or any letter from you since I saw you in America. If your statement be accurate that it reached, or its contents got into the public press, it must have got there either through the post office authorities, or as I suspect, through the parties or, medium through which you sent it, if you did not send it under cover.

"I would be glad if this matter were followed up, for it is a monstrous scandal that any persons, no matter what their positions, should dare to open and use a private correspondence.

"I admit your mistake was quite natural. At the same time I felt greatly annoyed that you would think me capable of a 'breach of confidence.' I do not forget that I experienced great courtesy from both you and Mrs. Sheridan when in New York, and I would have answered your letter if I had got it. Yours sincerely, MATT HARRIS"

When I visited Mr Sheridan in May last he was about to mail another letter to Mr. Harris on the same subject, and the sworn statement which he handed me was taken almost word for word from that letter which he also handed me, and which I conveyed by messenger to Mr. Harris, and the above is his reply to it.

This explanation I trust will put a stop to the slanderous reports that Mr. Sheridan carried on negotiations with the *Times* agent without communicating the fact to his friends in Ireland, and to the equally slanderous reports that Mr. Egan and I knew of these negotiations at the time we received the cablegram from Mr. Davitt. Yours truly, THOMAS BRENNAN.

Donahoe's Magazine.

The March number of *Donahoe's Monthly Magazine* is not behind in interest to former issues. The leading article gives still further details of the early history of Newfoundland; St. Brendan, the first discoverer of America, is an interesting paper. "No Place Like Home" will be read in every family. The following are the other principal articles: "Matthew Arnold's Poor Substitute for Religion;" "The Flag on the Schools;" "The Triple Consecration of St. Paul;" "Glimpses of Irish Industries," "A Girl's Stratagem;" "Three Colleges for Negroes;" "Commissioner Morgan vs Senator Vest;" "A Martyr of Charity;" "Papal Encyclical;" "The American Child and the Christian School;" "The Boston *Herald* and Father Damien." There are in all thirty five articles, not including the juvenile department, and twenty pages of events of the month. $2 a year; $1 for six months. Address *Donahoe's Magazine*, Boston, Mass.

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—OR—

The Clearances

—OF—

WESTMEATH.

BY JAMES MURPHY,

Author of "Hugh Roach, the Ribbonman," "Ulic Fuzmaurice," "The Fortunes of Maurice O'Donnell," "Nellie, or the Lost Treasure," "The Forge of Cuchogue," Etc., Etc., Etc.

CHAPTER XVI.

ORCHARD COTTAGE.

Rupert grew rapidly well and in a few days was able to move about. There was a great deal of kindness and attention shown to him by Sir Hardinge and his family; and, insensibly, in the intimacy that grew up, he had learned in a great degree to forget the old sore that existed.

Whether he talked on the balcony with Sir Hardinge and his lady, accompanied by Marmaduke on a sporting excursion through the plantation at the back of the house or walked with Miss Lucy through the flower beds and the rose trees, and the blooming peaches that lay to the left, there was nothing but the greatest courtesy and kindness shown him. Nothing in the slightest degree manifested itself in their words or actions to indicate that any previous unpleasantness had ever existed.

Marmaduke he found a very agreeable fellow. His knowledge of the world, his intimate acquaintance with London life and society, and with a good many of the actors therein whom Rupert also knew, made his conversation very cheering and pleasant. A quiet, harmless young fellow he seemed to be, who, when he was in good health, must have been an engaging companion, but whose health now was too debilitated to allow him very much activity.

Miss Hardinge he found to be a very prepossessing girl, with very little of her mother's haughtiness and a good deal of her father's frankness of manner.

But running through the conversation of all he found, to his great surprise, a marked dislike and contempt for the people who tenanted the estates. It was not so marked in the younger people as in the elder, but it was there manifestly, and occurred at times in conversation so naturally as to seem to be part and parcel of their education.

Rupert had never seen the like manifested in England. He had always been accustomed to hear his father talk of his tenantry with kindliness and respect, and it depressed him somehow painfully to hear the depreciating references that were constantly being made to the people now.

As with other things, however, familiarity dulled his sense of these unpleasant reflections, and after a short time they began to lose their freshness, and he began to feel accustomed to them. Even Miss Hardinge's slighting references began by degrees not to seem strange to him! and by the time he had been a few days among them he began insensibly himself to imbibe the same prejudices.

His days passed very agreeably. It was so pleasant in the early morning to walk over the neatly shaven lawn with Marmaduke or Sir Hardinge; or through the heath on the hillside, where the russle of the grouse moving uneasily through the long grass, or calling to one another plaintively, alone disturbed the quiet beauty of the scene. It was so delightful to walk with Miss Hardinge through the cool groves of trees that sloped down to the lake, through whose silent corridors the sunlight fell in broken patches on the mossy soft grass under his feet. There was so much that was kindly and courteous, there was so much sympathy and solicitude shown for him, that he soon learned to forget that there had ever been any unpleasantness between their families, or that the blinds had ever been drawn down on the mourning houses in Devonshire.

He was agreeably attracted by the place, and he was, unknown to himself, beginning to be attached to Miss Hardinge. The quiet gentleness of her manner harmonized so pleasantly with the woodland scenery, and seemed associating itself with the delightful happiness of returning health and strength, that he grew to like her society inexpressibly.

It was delightful, too, to lean back in the boat on the lake, the sunlight sparkling from its quiet waters—save where the shadows of the tall trees on its banks cast a picturesque shadow—and rest his injured arm, while the young girl, her face glowing with exercise and her eyes bright with pleasure, slowly rowed him along.

There was a dreamy sense of pleasure, of rest, in these evening rows on the still waters of the lake. There was a pleasant feeling of sensuous repose surrounding him, wholly undisturbed by any outward troubles or annoyances; his mind felt bathed in an atmosphere warm as the bright air around him, and quiet as the solemn stillness of the shadowed groves.

Col. Montfort had been engaged ever since he had seen him. He had sent him word to that effect, with his regrets that he was unable to call over to visit him, and his hopes that he was getting better.

Some disturbance had been occurring in the northern portion of the country; some graziers that had recently taken some large tracts of land that had been "cleared" for them had had their cattle slaughtered in the night time. Some of the former tenants, poor creatures, had been seen hanging about the site of their former homes, and were most naturally suspected of the business. Not, indeed that there was much otherwise to attract them there; for the thatch of their cottages had long since been rotten as manure in the dyke and on the headland, and there was neither wall nor window nor hearthstone to indicate where their homes had been. The light should never glimmer again in the cottage windows, nor the bright fire burn on the hearth, nor sleeping baby nestle in its mother's lap, as the pleasant chat went round by the fireside of winter nights. Ages of tribulation and sorrow and submission had driven a good deal of the manhood out of the mankind, and so they left their homes with far less disposition to resistance than ever hunted Indian did before a vanquishing paleface.

So submissive indeed were they, and so humbly disposed to see their homes torn down and their families turned on the roadside without raising a hand, that the colonel, himself inclined strongly disliking the clearances, could not help saying often to himself, as he rode along with his men, that they were hardly worth giving shelter to, who could so helplessly look on, and, with tears in their eyes, see their wives and little ones turned out to starve without raising a hand to save them!

But against that again, however, could be placed the flattering tribute of the Judge of Assizes on the peaceful character of the people. There had not been for years outrage of any kind in the county. It was the most peaceful county in Ireland. Nowhere was the law so revered and respected. It was a model county. And even the prime minister of the day had borne testimony to its good character and the law abiding disposition of its people, in a remarkable speech in the house of commons.

West Colonel Montfort thought, however, of this excessive law abiding disposition of the people might be inferred from an extract from one of his letters to Rupert, in apology for not calling upon him:—

"I declare I don't know, Rupert, what destiny is before these unlucky natives. They are turned out more remorselessly from their holdings than ever Pizarro and his followers turned the naked Indians from their hunting grounds, with this exception, that the Indians fought for their grounds. These people won't or don't know how to fight.

"They yield up their farms and see their houses torn down before their faces with the weakness and tears of an old woman.

"We are here protecting a townland, now held by one Sandy McNab, where over a dozen families some two years ago dwelt. Sandy's cattle were found slaughtered a few nights since, and it is supposed that some of the former tenants did it in revenge. I don't believe a word of it, Rupert; but there is no use in saying so.

"Why? Why don't I believe it? Firstly, because I don't think these unfortunate wretches had pluck enough to do even that. Secondly, the cattle were all skillfully slaughtered and I believe have been prepared for the market since.

"In addition, Sandy has got a threatening letter. I have heard, as matter of fact, from the landlord, and told as rather a good joke, too, that Sandy's son wrote the letter.

"What is the object of all this, you will say? I don't know, except to still more punish these unfortunate wretches that are rambling, ragged and starving, around the country, and to have them transported out of it.

"My own impression is that, diabolical as the intention is, Rupert, it would be the luckiest thing that could happen these napless, spiritless creatures. Better again if they could be all taken out in a ship and scuttled in mid ocean. They would be put then out of pain and suffering at once.

"I am growing heartily tired of this wretched country, and the deceit and trickery I see around me. It seems to me like—but I won't say what its like.

"I shall sell out if I cannot exchange on foreign service.

"If you are writing home, Rupert, don't mention your accident or your present location. Better, perhaps, not write at all for some time.

"I shall ride on to see you the moment I get back.

* * * * * *

Rupert had received the letter, of which this is an extract, one morning after breakfast, and read it on the veranda of the house.

It awoke some curious reflections within him, and recalled to his mind a good deal of what Joe, the coachman, had been telling him the day of their drive.

As he laid the letter on his knees, and threw his eye on the fertile plains that lay before him, and let them rest on the Shannon, that, in the morning's sun, lay like a bright ribbon of gold in the distance, he could not help saying to himself—

"Well, this beautiful land deserves a better and braver race who would defend its possessions. It's a beautiful land. Beautiful!"

"I am really glad the colonel is away" was Rupert's next reflection. "I should have to go with him to barrack's if he were at home. I certainly hope he will remain away for some time."

Probably these reflections were heightened as he saw Miss Hardinge in the gardens beneath him, busily engaged in taking off the withered leaves from the flowers. Her bright face looked up to him where he sat with a pleasant smile of recognition, and—as Rupert interpreted it—of invitation. Accepting the latter, he returned the smile, and folding up the letter, and placing it in his pocket, left the veranda, and descended the steps of the garden.

The bright glory and warmth of the morning sun falling on the freshly opened petals of the flowers evoked their richest perfumes, and the air was laden with the fresh scents—sensuous and voluptuous in their very exquisiteness—as he entered it.

A sense of delicious feeling—partly begotten of the returning health that sent his blood in a rushing current through his veins, of the bright freshness of the summer morning, and the dreamy languor of the perfumed atmosphere—pervaded him.

He was never before so disposed to feel pleased with everything. His heart opened itself to the bright influences around him, and as he looked on the handsome face, bright with exercise, and wreathed with smiles of welcome, he was disposed to thank providence for the accident that had thrown his lines into such pleasant places; and Colonel Montfort for having so conveniently kept away.

"You are early at work Miss Hardinge," said Rupert, as he took his seat beside the rosebush she was trimming.

"No; rather late this morning," said the young lady. "I should have all this work done an hour ago."

"I am glad that you are so late, Miss Hardinge," said Rupert pleasantly, "on this occasion."

"Why?"

"Because it gives me the pleasure of aiding you."

"Are you skilled in gardening?"

"Well, I cannot say that it occupies very much of my attention; but I am a quick learner. I shall learn very soon."

"A diligent learner should be an earlier, Mr. Clarendon. Never learned his business yet by commencing his work at ten o'clock."

"Well, that was not my fault, Miss Hardinge," said Rupert gaily.

"Whose else?" said the young lady as she pressed the tuft of faded leaves into her tiny left hand with the fingers of her right.

"I don't know. Not mine certainly."

"Why not?"

"Because I did not know that I was expected to learn."

"Nor are you."

"I thought you had promised to take me under your tuition a moment since."

"No; you suggested it."

"And you accepted the suggestion I thought."

"No. I rather declined it, and gave my reasons for it."

"These reasons are untenable, Miss Hardinge. I shall show myself a most industrious apprentice."

"I fear we should want another Hogarth to draw our idle apprentice. How long would you bind yourself?"

"For life—if you like," said Rupert with a meaning glance.

"Oh, no," said the young lady with a merry laugh, "you should have your business learned long before that."

"How long does it take to learn?"

"It all depends upon intelligence and observation."

"I was always particularly good at observation," said Rupert; "very. I could spend the whole day observing sometimes—and do nothing else."

"That is carrying observation a little further than is necessary or useful I think," said the young lady, laughing. "It should be combined with the other qualities."

"Oh, yes! I know. I know how to blend them very well, I was only showing how largely I possess the faculty of observation."

"A little in excess, perhaps," said Miss Hardinge, smiling, as she again addressed herself to her work. "Industry, for instance, wants to be largely mixed with it."

"So I see," said Rupert; "but your example, my dear Miss Hardinge, will be sufficient for that. You know 'Imitation is the sincerest form of flattery.' No, deuce take it! that's not the proverb I wanted."

"Never mind," said Miss Hardinge, laughing, "it will do excellently. It meets the circumstances of the case abundantly. But I am afraid until your arm gets better, industry is out of the question."

"Well, you can take me on probation—on a sort of probationary understanding."

"Yes, perhaps I could. But the duties would be heavy."

"Heavy! I am sorry to hear that," said Rupert, with a mock feeling of regret."

"I fear you don't like work."

"I love work exceedingly, Miss Hardinge; but I don't run in much with heavy work. Would the duties be very heavy?"

"Well, yes, I think they would. You should be up at 6 o'clock in the morning."

"Yes, that's not too bad. That's military hour you know."

"You should carry water from the lake. The fountains have gone out of order these past few days."

"Ah, that indeed!" said Rupert, as he glanced at his arm in a sling. "I fear that would be out of the question. That unfortunate coach!"

"Say that unfortunate shot," said Miss Hardinge with great sympathy. "Marmaduke was awfully sorry when he saw the result of it. He had been lying behind the mound, waiting for a shot, and had failed to see the coach when he fired. What a sad shot it was in its consequences."

"Well, not exactly because of the shot, Miss Hardinge, but rather because the driver had let the reins fall on the horse's back, and could not again pick them up. But it certainly was an awful race down the hill."

"You had a marvelous escape."

"Yes; and so had poor Joe. I wonder how he is to day."

"Oh, that puts me in mind to tell you, what I would otherwise have forgotten" said Miss Hardinge, turning quietly around to him, all traces of the previous banter having disappeared from her face, "that Joe sent you word last night that he would be glad to see you—that he is anxious to see you."

"Where does he live?"

"You cannot see the place from here, but you see yonder mound with the grove of trees at its summit?"

"Yes; I see that."

"At the base of that hill, on the other side. That little stream that runs yonder winds round the hill and leads to the house, and will bring you to it. A path runs by its side."

"What's the name of the house, if I should learn to forget it?"

"They call the place Orchard House. They brought him there after the accident."

"Orchard House," repeated Rupert. "That name somehow seems familiar to me."

"I fancy not. You could scarcely have heard it before."

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for Consumption. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and P. O. address. Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl St., N. Y.

Catarrh Cured.

A clergyman, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease Catarrh, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a prescription which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self addressed stamped envelope to Prof. J. A Lawrence, 88 Warren st., New York, will receive the recipe free of charge.

GAELIC PROSE.

Notaidh air Staid na Gaedhilge.

[*Irish-American.*]

Ins an áit in a bh-fuilim am' chómhnuidhe is Gearmáinighe beagnach go léir atá áitighthe in mo thimchioll, agus tá an chuid is ró-mhó dhíobh 'nna g-Caitóiceighibh. Mar is ceart é bheith, tá ár sagart 'nna Ghearmánach mar an g-céadna; agus fear bíos fá'r no sagart bíos naomhtha ní mbaineann air dúruim na cruinne a n-diu. Tá meas agus urraim aige ó gach duine aithuigheas é. Ní amháin go bh-fuil sé g-áthuighthe le n a phobal féin, acht tá sé ológhuighthe le daoinibh each creidimh eile; agus go d-imhin ghabh a chineáltas seilbh air chroidhthibh mórán daoineadh nach g-cuireann aon t-suim i g-creideamh air bith; óir is eagluiseach é nach bh-fiafruigheann dath no creideamh do'n áisid itachd an tarruighteora 'nuair a tá déirc le tabhairt. Ní'l aon eud idir an duine Eireannach agus na ceudtha Gearmánach an phaidhse, acht amháin an coimheileamh deágh-chreidheach a tá eatorra é am go h-am ag dithchiollaibh cia aca díobh a bheurfas an cúnamh is mó do'n t-sagart maith so in gach saothar nuadh a tá air láimh aige.

Go nádúrtha is seanmóiridhe Gearmánacha a labhrann an seán-sagart so do ghnáth, gidh nach n-deunann sé dearmad air luchd an Bheurla 'nuair a tá aon nidh spéisialta le rádh. Do réir mo bharamhla ní'l sé acht ceart agus cóir go labharfadh an sagart so a sheanmóiridhe in a theangain féin, áit an ádhbhar go bh-fuil deich n-Gearmánaighe a measg a phobail in aghaidh aoin duine de chine air bith eile, agus go bh-fuil mó áit de na seán-Ghearmánaighibh nach d-tuigeann aon fhocal Beurla.

Ag admháil ceirt cúrsa an fhir so i d-taobh labhartha a theangan féin le n-a bhuuadh féin, shaoileas, go cinnte, 'nuair a chuireas amach air mo thóruighe acht feasa, go g-casfaidhe liom in áit éigin, acht go h-áirighthe i g-cathrachaibh in a bh-fuil cruinnbuighthe móra Eireannacha cléirídhe ós a g-cionn a labharfadh seann-óir Gaedhilge leo anois agus arís. Do shaoileas mar so; Má tá anam ag Gearmánach le sláuighadh, is cóir go m-beidheadh anam le slá ughadh ag Eireannach mar an g-céadna. Má's riachtanach chum sláuighthe anmann na n-Gearmanach go m-beidheadh ruiudiamhra agus aitheanta a g-creidimh mí aighthe dhóibh i g-canamhain na tíre, gan amhras mbeasfadh duine aon bh-fuil sé cló riachtanach chum sláuighthe anmann na n-Eireannach nach d-tuigeann acht a d-teanga féin, go m-beidheadh na ruiudiamhra agus na h-aitheanta céadna so mí aighthe dhóibh ins an n-Gaedhilig. I bh-focal, shaoileas an t-anlan a bhí go maith do'n ghéadh gur cóir go m-beidheadh sé maith do'n ghandal; acht is cosamhail nach mar sin a tá an chúis ag-cómhnuidhe.

Air feadh mo shiúbhail do ghiacas taodhm mór crábhaidh. Chuaidheas chum teampuill Eireannaigh—sin é le rádh, chum teampuill in a raibh an chuid ba mhó de'n phobail 'nna n-Eireannaighibh—gach Dómhnach agus lá seachtmhaine air feadh na míos do mhair mo thurus, ag súil go g-cuirfidh seanmóir Gaedhilge; acht focal de'n teangain sin ní chualas d á labhairt ó n altóir, acht amháin i d-teampull i g-ca hair in nach bh-fuil Eireannaighe chó fairsing agus tá daoine tírtheadh eile, sin í cathair na n-Gearmánach. Cincinnati. Do chualas beagán focal Gaedhilge d'á rádh ó n altóir i d-teampull 'san g-cathair so, le deaghshagart darub' ainm an t-Athair Mac Aoidh; agus ní féidir liom iousint dibh an mhéid luath-ghâire do chuir na fuama taithneamhacha orm-sa, agus sár mhórán eile 'san b-pobal.

Measaim go n-dearbhuigheann an t-Athair Mac Aoidh mo rádh in mo litir dhéighiouaigh, go bh-fuil an cheud glún Eireannach 'san d-tír so níos tugtha do'n Ghaedhilig d'fhóghuim do réir riaghail graimeár iomlá tá siad-san a rugadh in Eirinn agus a labhair an teanga ó naoidheanachd. Ní'l fhios agam cá h-áit 'san d-tír so a rugadh an deagh-fhear so, acht is soiléir do gach duine a dteagochas leis, nár labhair sé Gaedhilig ó'n g-cliabhán, agus go bh-fuair sé a chuid feasa uirri ó leabhraibh. Tá sagart mar an t-Athair Mac Aoidh ché gur b le calaibh duibhe 'san d-tír so, acht is é sé an ganntas is sia a mhéadughéas ár n-urraim agus ár n-oldír dá leithid.

FELIM UA TUATHAIL.

THE IRISH LAND AGENT.

[*To the Editor.*]

The unsavory characteristics of a certain class of individuals in Ireland are fast disappearing and it may not be uninteresting perhaps before they have wholly sunk into oblivion to present a picture of them as they were in the days of their unhallowed prosperity, before the appearance of unpleasant combinations of the common people, whose audacity in proclaiming the right to live upon their native soil, at least in security, is unparalelled. This class has indeed reason to sigh for the time when coercion was effective. The historian and essayist of the future will probably produce a literary fossil of this extinct race and hold it up before the curious gaze of men who will doubtless look back upon the time in which this peculiar class existed as an era in the dark ages. They will, no doubt, be almost correct in their surmising, for it must have been something closely bordering on ignorance and superstition which alone protected that ill omened character in Ireland's agrarian history for so long a time—the land agent.

Edmund Burke, in his charge against Warren Hastings, dwells forcibly upon the avarice of the Anglo-Indian settler in robbing the wretched Hindoo of the very opium which enabled him to forget his oppressions and oppressors. He need not have traveled so far from home to find instances of such wrong doing. The Anglo Indian had this in common with the Irish land agent, that both had no racial, or in fact any, ties in sympathy with the people among whom they dwelt, the agent being, in nine cases out of ten, either the descendant of some Cromwellian settler or the English hanger-on of some great landlord who had picked him up in some London drawingroom. As his power as a factor of evil is rapidly passing away, it is almost necessary to speak of him in the past tense. It is, however, not many years since his name was uttered with awe by some tenant farmer from Kerry or distant Connemara, or when on "gale day with bated breath and whispering humbleness he crooked the pregnant hinges of the knee before his honor the agent." Nor is it so very long since the Celtic holder of the soil looked forward with no small degree of apprehension to the visit of this autocrat for fear of some increase of rent in consequence of improvements made by the tenant. These matters have become also only too familiar in the agrarian history of the country.

Their legitimate fruits were oftentimes the crowded emigrant ship or the crowded workhouse. Few outsiders can readily understand or fathom the depths of the Celt's attachment to his land. Looking at it from a commercial point of view it can be easier seen how, in the absence of other industries, the land is the life of the Irish peasant. The want of it was so vital that oftentimes exorbitant sums passed through the agents hands in payment for farms by some grasping tenants rendered griping by the very misery that surrounded them. A good harvest or an unlucky coup at gambling at Baden Baden or Monte Carlo by the landlord was sure to be followed by an increase of rent by the energetic agent. It was a notorious fact that peace offerings at Christmas and Easter came for harm the serfish tenants, somewhat after the fashion of Pagan sacrifices, to some deity whose good will it was necessary to propitiate. The power of this magnate was confined to no narrow limits. As a J. P. he adorned the magisterial bench where he enunciated wise injunctions to the helmeted policemen that surrounded him concerning the maintenance of "law and order." On parliamentary election days he took a prominent part in leading the tenants like lambs to the shambles to vote for the "true blue" Tory candidate. Indeed in those days it mattered little to the unfortunate tenants whether they voted for Tory or Whig, as both were tarred with the same brush. As an ex officio guardian—castle-made—he presided as chairman of the Board of Guardians where oftentimes he despatched the victims of eviction and rack rent to the union poor house.

This potentate's power was on the decline even prior to the formation of the Land League. It may be traced from the introduction of the Land and Ballots acts of 71-72 However, in this year of grace 1890 it may be said to have entirely fled. Dark care seems to have a decidedly firm seat behind this particular horseman's saddle. Straightened circumstances, amounting to almost actual want, have, in the words of the eastern poet, "visited the halls where Jamshyd gloried and drank deep."

Times have very much changed since those halycon days, and in the awakened spirit of the people and in the strong support given them in their struggle for free homes, by ardent upholders on this side of the Atlantic, the agrarian despot must view with dismay his approaching extirpation from Irish soil. With his disappearance will also vanish a system not indigenous to the country, but an exotic of English growth, which, in common with all other institutions of England's fostering care, never seemed to take root and flourish on Celtic soil, because they were, no in many, but in all, cases the fruits of orce and violence and the imposts of confiscation.

W. J. R.

FROM NEW YORK.

A Great Billiard Tournament—An Unsuccessful Enterprise—Buying Up the Ferries.

NEW YORK, Feb. 24—The lovers of billiards in New York and vicinity are just now enjoying a treat the like of which they never had before. The greatest billiard tourney that has ever taken place was inaugurated at Chickering Hall, last Thursday evening. The house was packed from orchestra to gallery, every seat having been sold in advance. There are six competitors in the tourney, each one of whom may be called a "crack shot." Jacob Schaefer, of Chicago, known as the "little wizard," is one of them, and is backed more heavily for winner than any of the rest. He is considered to be the most wonderful billiard player that ever lived. He makes the most difficult shots with the greatest ease, and is simply a genius. Next to him is Slosson, whose manner is altogether different, being studied and scientific. The other contestants are Maurice Daly, William H. Catton, J. R Heiser, and F. C. Ives. Schaefer and Slosson are handicapped by a 14 inch balk line, while the others play an 8 inch game. Billiardists have been trying for two years to bring this brilliant array of talent together and have at last succeeded The first series of games will be played here and the second section of the tournament in Chicago.

THE TRAVELERS' EXCHANGE WOUND UP

People who visit the metropolis will regret to learn that the "Travelers' Exchange" is no more. This was a sort of headquarters for travelers established about a year ago by a number of prominent hotelkeepers, at No 30 Union Square. The idea was to supply travelers with all the information they might require, and afford them facilities for buying tickets, checking baggage and sending messages, by telegraph, telephone, cable or mail. It was a central agency where all arrangements for travel could be made with ease. The offices of the exchange were splendidly fitted up, and it issued several publications. Its failure was caused by the Trunk Line Association, which refused to establish a joint ticket office in the exchange for the convenience of its patrons. The managers had been counting upon the addition of this important accessory for a long time. It was found impossible to pay expenses without it and hence the enterprise will be wound up.

BROOKLYN FERRIES AT A PREMIUM.

Another syndicate of capitalists is investing pretty heavily now, and this time it is the Brooklyn ferries which are wanted. There are a baker's dozen of these ferries plying between here and Brooklyn, a large number of which are owned by the Union Ferry Company. The new syndicate is rapidly buying up the ferry company's stock at $200 per share, which is rather extravagant when we consider that the big bridge is commonly supposed to have injured the ferries in no small degree. Nobody seems to know exactly what the syndicate will do when they have obtained control, but the chances are that there is some scheme underlying the effort which does not appear on the surface. It is asserted that the Vanderbilts and the Astors are at the back of the enterprise, but whoever it may be, the amount of money which will change hands is well up in the millions.

EDWIN ARLINGTON.

IT IS dangerous to tamper with irritating liquids and exciting snuffs. Use Ely's Cream Balm, which is safe and pleasant, and is easily applied. It cures the worst cases of catarrh, cold in the head and hay fever, giving relief from the first application. Price 50 cents.

CATHOLIC CHURCH DIRECTORY.

Where the Different Churches are Situated and the Hours at Which Mass is Celebrated and Vespers Held.

The following directory is published for the benefit of the Chicago readers of THE CITIZEN, and Catholic visitors to the city:

Cathedral of the Holy Name—State and Superior sts. Masses at 5:30, 6:15, 7:45 and 9:30 a m; mass at 8:30 exclusively for children; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m.

St. Patrick's—Adams and Desplaines sts. Masses at 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; children's mass and choir at 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m; services every Thursday at 7:30 p m, in the chapel. Rev. Thos F. Galligan, pastor. Residence 135 W. Adams st.

St. James'—Twenty-ninth st and Wabash ave. Masses at 6, 7, 8, 9 and 10 a m; high mass at 11; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. Hugh McGuire, pastor. Residence 2924 Wabash avenue.

Holy Family (Jesuit)—May and Twelfth sts. Masses at 5, 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. J. I. Coghlan, S. J., pastor. Residence 413 W. Twelfth st.

St. Jarlath's—Jackson street and Hermitage ave. Masses at 6, 6:30, and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. Thomas F. Cashman, pastor. Residence 668 W. Jackson st.

St. Mary's—Wabash ave. and Eldridge court. Masses at 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. E. A Murphy, pastor. Residence 543 Wabash avenue.

Church of the Nativity of Our Lord—Thirty-seventh and Dashiel sts. Masses at 6, 7, 8, and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m. Rev J. M. Cartan, pastor. Residence adjoining church.

St. Bridget's—Archer ave. and Church st. Masses at 6, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. D. M. J. Dowling, pastor. Residence 3998 Archer ave.

All Saints' Church—Wallace st and 35th place. Masses at 5, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. E. J. Dunne, pastor. Residence 2542 Wallace st.

St. Procopius—Eighteenth and Allport sts. Masses at 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10, with sermon; vespers at 2:30 p m. Rev P. Nepomucek Jaeger, O.S.B., pastor. Residence 704 Allport st.

St. Francis of Assisium—Corner of W Twelfth st. and Newberry av. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 8:30 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Ferdinand Kaivespers at 3 p m. Rev. Ferdinand Kaivelage, pastor. Residence, 236 W. Twelfth st.

St. Stephen's—Corner of Ohio and N. Sangamon sts. Masses at 7, 9, and high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. S. M. A. Barrett, pastor. Residence 35 N. Sangamon st.

St. Peter's—Corner Clark and Polk sts. Masses at 5:30 and 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m, vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Elliah Schloesser, O. S. F., pastor. Residence 440 S. Clark st.

St. John's—Clark and Eighteenth sts. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. T. J. Butler, pastor. Residence 176 Eighteenth street.

Sacred Heart—Johnson and Nineteenth sts. Masses at 5, 6, 7, and 8:30 a m; children's mass at 8:30; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. H. Bronsgeest, S. J., pastor. Residence 49 W. Nineteenth st.

St. Columbkille's—Corner of Indiana and Paulina sts. Masses at 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Thomas Burke, pastor. Residence 519 W. Indiana st.

St. Malachy's—Corner Walnut st. and Western av. Masses at 6, 7:30, and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m. Rev. Thomas P. Hodnett, pastor. Residence 333 Walnut st.

St. Pius—Corner Ashland av. and Nineteenth st. Masses at 6:30, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. F. S. Hennebery, pastor. Residence 984 Ashland av.

St. Anthony of Padua—Corner of McGregor st. and Twenty-fourth place. Masses at 6 and 7:30 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Peter Fischer, pastor. Residence 2434 Hanover st.

St. John Nepomucene—Corner of Twenty-fifth st and Portland av. Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Francis Bobal, pastor. Residence 486 Twenty-fifth st.

Church of the Assumption—Illinois st., between Franklin and Market sts. Masses at 6, 8, and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 7 p m. Rev. S. Moretti, pastor Residence 64 Illinois st.

Church of the Immaculate Conception B V. M—N. Franklin near Schiller st. Masses at 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers 7:30 p m. Rev. P. J. Butler, pastor. Residence 497 N. Franklin.

St. Michael's—Corner Eugenie and Hurlbut sts. Masses at 5:30, 6 and 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 2:30 p m. Rev. Jos. Essing, C. SS. R., pastor. Residence 324 Hurlbut st.

Notre Dame de Chicago—Vernon Park place near Loomis st. Masses at 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. A. L. Bergeron, pastor. Residence 404 Congress st.

St. Vincent de Paul's—Corner Webster av and Osgood st. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 9; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30. Rev. Father Abbott, pastor. Residence adjoining church.

St. Paul's—Hoyne av. and Ambrose st Masses at 8 and 10:30 am; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. E. Weber, pastor Residence 168 Ambrose st.

St. Aloysius—Thompson and Davis sts. Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10:15 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. J. Thiele, pastor. Residence, adjoining church.

Church of the Immaculate Conception—2954 Bonfield st. Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 7 p m. Rev. George Ratha, pastor.

Holy Trinity—Lincoln and Taylor sts. Mass at 8 a m.; high mass at 10; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. D. M. Thiele, pastor. Residence 833 West Taylor st.

Church of the Annunciation B. V. M.—Paulina st. and Wabansia ave. Masses at 7, 8, and 9 a. m.; high mass at 10:30; vespers and benediction at 3 p. m. Rev. Hugh O'Gara McShane, pastor; Residence 321 N. Paulina street.

St. Stanislaus Kostka—Noble and Ingraham sts. Masses at 5, 6, 7:30, 8, and 9:30 a. m.; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3 p. m. Rev. Vincent Barzynski, C.R. Residence adjoining church.

St. Charles Borromeo's — Twelfth and Cypress sts. Masses at 6 and 8:30 a. m high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3 p. m. Rev. P. D. Gill, pastor. Residence 78 Cypress st.

St. Mary's of Perpetual Help—Lancaster and Thirty-second sts. Mass at 8 a.m.; high mass at 10. Attended from St. Adalbert's, Seventeenth and Paulina sts.

St. Joseph's—North Market and Hill sts. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 8:30 a. m.; high mass at 10; vespers at 3 p. m. Rev. B. Dolwick, O.S.B., pastor. Residence 209 N. Market

Church of Our Lady of Sorrows—W Jackson and Albany sts. Masses at 6:30, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. A. Venturi, C. S., pastor Residence 1408 W. Jackson st.

St. George's—Wentworth ave., bet. 39th and 40th sts. Masses at 8 and 10 a. m.; Christian duties and vespers at 2:30 and 7 p. m. Rev. G. D. Heidmann, pastor. Residence 3919 Fifth av.

Holy Angels'—264 Oakwood Boulevard. Masses at 6, 7:30, 9 and 10 a. m.; high mass at 11 a m; Sunday school at 2:30 p. m.; vespers, instruction and benediction at 7:30 p m. Rev. D. A. Tighe, pastor.

St. Boniface's—Noble and Cornell streets. Masses at 7:30 and 9 a. m.; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3 p. m. Rev. Clement Venn, pastor. Residence, 94 Cornell st.

St. Wenceslaus'—DeKoven and Desplaines sts. Mass at 8 a. m.; high mass at 10; vespers at 3 p. m. Rev. Joseph Molitor, pastor. Residence 187 DeKoven st.

St. Josaphat's Church—Selden and Southport aves. Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 4 p m. Rev. K. Kosiowski, pastor. Residence 228 Southport av.

St. Adelbert—Corner Paulina and W. Seventeenth sts. Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev J. Radziejewski, pastor. Residence 712 W Seventeenth st.

CHICAGO IS A WINNER.

Balloting for the Site of the World's Fair.

CANDLER DOES NOT CAST A VOTE.

First Ballots of the Southern Members Divided Between the Cities of Washington and St. Louis—Great Interest Taken in the Contest—First Assistant Postmaster General Clarkson to Retire—His Official Record—Capital City Notes.

WASHINGTON CITY, Feb. 24.—After the reading of the journal in the house Monday morning, Judge Kelley's successor, Reyburn of Pennsylvania appeared and was sworn in. The house then (at 12:15) began to ballot on the selection of a site for the world's fair. As the name of each member was called he announced his choice for the site. A prominent figure in the press gallery was Chauncey Depew. All of the galleries were packed. The roll call proceeded without excitement on the floor. Some interest was felt in the vote of Candler of Massachusetts, who, as chairman of the world's fair committee was supposed to be without prejudice. When Candler's name was called there was no respone, although the member from Massachusetts was in his seat.

How the Votes Went.

The southern members divided their votes between St. Louis and Washington, the former receiving a greater proportion of the southern vote than was expected. New York controlled the vote from the east and Chicago that of the western and many of the middle states.

The first ballot resulted: Chicago 115, New York, 72, St. Louis, 61; Washington 56. The second ballot was: Chicago 121, New York 83, St. Louis 59, Washington 46. Votes necessary to a choice, 155.

Third ballot: 306 votes cast. Chicago 127, New York 92, Washington 34, St. Louis 53. Necessary to a choice, 153.

There were 306 votes polled in the fourth ballot, resulting: Chicago 134, New York 95, St. Louis 48, Washington 29. Necessary to a choice 154.

The fifth ballot was as follows: Chicago 140, New York 110, St. Louis 38, Washington 24—total number of votes—312. Necessary to a choice, 157.

On the sixth ballot Chicago had 149 votes, New York 116, St. Louis, 28, Washington 19.

Refused to Take a Recess.

After the announcement of the sixth ballot, Wilson of West Virginia moved that the house take a recess until 11 o'clock Tuesday, and on that motion the yeas and nays were ordered. The house refused to take a recess, yeas 138, nays 174.

Seventh ballot: Chicago 155, New York 112, St. Louis 27, Washington 17. Necessary to choice, 156.

The eighth ballot settled the business, Chicago receiving 157, New York 107, St. Louis 25. No more votes were taken, Chicago being victorious.

CLARKSON TO RETIRE.

His Humorous Allusion to His Official Position.

WASHINGTON CITY, Feb. 24.—Assistant Postmaster General Clarkson confirms the rumors which have for some time prevailed that it is his intention to retire from the public service within a few days. "I have very nearly served out my sentence," he said Sunday. "I was sent up for a year against my own protest, but I agreed to serve that time to help the administration. I think if I had been treated in the same was ordinary prisoners I would have got some reduction on account of good behavior, don't you? Here I have changed 31,000 out of 55,000 fourth-class postmasters, and I expect to change 10,000 more before I finally quit.

Congressmen Kicking.

Why, I found some districts—like Governor McCreary's, the Eighth Kentucky, for instance—where there never had been a Republican postmaster, and I tell you the congressmen have been kicking like steers because I put their Democratic friends out and put Republicans in. I expect before the end of the month to see five-sixths of the presidential postmasters changed. Then I can paraphrase old Simeon and say: 'Let thy servant depart in peace.'"

The Day in the Senate.

WASHINGTON CITY, Feb. 24.—In the senate Monday morning Senator Chandler introduced a resolution to censure Senator Call for inserting in the record as part of his remarks on the Florida assassination last week the charge that Chandler, because of his speeches in the senate, was responsible for the political murders in Florida. Chandler produced the original copy showing the original allegations in Call's own writing. He made a bitter speech against Call to which the Florida senator responded.

Dom Pedro Wants to Return.

WASHINGTON CITY, Feb. 24.—Charles B. Flint, of New York, says that he has just seen a Paris letter from a close friend of the deposed emperor stating positively that Dom Pedro will, when the constitutional convention meets at Rio de Janeiro in November next, notify that body of his desire to renounce all claims to his title and ask that he be permitted to return to his people as a private citizen and aid them in firmly establishing the republic recently formed.

Presidential Favors.

WASHINGTON CITY, Feb. 24.—The president has sent to the sentate the following nominations: J. A. Wingfield, of Virginia, to be supervisor of census for the Third district of Virginia; A. F. Price, of North Dakota to be United States marshal for the district of North Dakota. Withdrawn—F. Winston, to be supervisor of census for the Third district of Virginia.

A Ship Canal for Michigan.

WASHINGTON CITY, Feb. 24.—Arguments were made before the house committee on railways and canals Monday morning in favor of constructing a ship canal across the upper peninsula of Michigan.

Simple.

It is a fortunate boy that has an older brother to give him the benefit of his longer experience. One of our exchanges cites an illustrative example:

"Don't sleep with your mouth open in that way," said Fred to his younger brother, as the daylight began to peer into the bed chamber. "You should breathe through your nose."

"Yes, but I don't know when my mouth is open. What do you do when you wake up and find your mouth open?"

"What do I do?" answered Fred, derisively. "Why, I get up and shut it!" Youth's Companion.

THE FATHER OF HIS COUNTRY.

How Washington's Birthday Was Celebrated at Chicago and Elsewhere.

CHICAGO, Feb. 22.—The anniversary of Washington's birth being a legal holiday, the courts and federal, county and municipal offices were closed. At 9:30 a. m. the Union League club provided patriotic entertainments at the Auditorium and Central Music hall for the school children of the city. At 5 p. m. the members of the club held their annual loyalty meeting at the Auditorium, followed by a banquet at the club house in the evening. The Personal Rights league celebrated at 8 p. m. at Central Music hall, where addresses were delivered by Henry D. Lloyd, Judge Prendergast, and Charles H. Ham. Musical selections were rendered by the Swiss quartette.

Parade of the Boys in Blue.

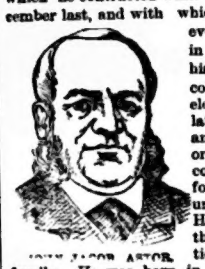
At the Second Regiment armory a demonstration in behalf of the eight-hour day, beginning at 8 p. m., was held by the Knights of Labor, while at the same hour began a masked ball given by Battery "D" at its headquarters. The Veteran corps of the First infantry enjoyed a banquet at the Jackson Street armory in the evening. The First infantry paraded, starting at 2 p. m. from the armory on Jackson street. After the parade the medals for honorable service were distributed, Capt. Ford of C company receiving a gold medal for fifteen years' continuous service. The boys at the training school at Norwood Park celebrated the day. The exercises consisted of military drill by 110 boys in uniform and patriotic songs and recitations.

In New York and other large cities business was practically suspended and the day observed in a fitting manner.

JOHN JACOB ASTOR DEAD.

His Demise the Result of a Cold Contracted While Abroad.

NEW YORK, Feb. 22.—John Jacob Astor died at his residence in this city Saturday. Mr. Astor's death was directly due to a cold which he contracted while in Europe in December last, and with which he had been ill ever since. He was in the 67th year of his age. John Jacob Astor was the eldest son of the late William Astor and grandson of the original John Jacob Astor, who founded the fortunes of the family. He was the head of the third generation of the Astor family. He was born in 1823. In 1875 his father died, leaving John Jacob a two-third share of his estate, valued at $200,000,000. During the civil war Mr. Astor went to the front and served with credit as an aide de camp to Gen. McClellan. He married a Miss Gibbs, of South Carolina, who died about two years ago.



JOHN JACOB ASTOR.

SENT TO AN ASYLUM.

Peculiar Actions of Miss Harriet Drury, of New York.

NEW YORK, Feb. 22.—Miss Harriet O. Drury was Friday ordered by a Brooklyn court sent to an insane asylum, and a committee was appointed to take charge of her estate. Some features of her case make it a distressing one. Several months ago Miss Drury, who is about 30 years old and a tall and attractive blonde, was removed from a fashionable boarding house in Montague street to a private asylum in St. Mark's avenue. She had a delusion that there was a young man at the boarding house who wanted to marry her, but who was kept away from her by jealous rivals.

A Scene in Court.

She was in the habit of looking for him behind curtains and high and low through the house. She made a scene in the court room when the judge decided she must go to the asylum, and had to be removed forcibly by the officers. Miss Drury is a graduate of Vassar college and has traveled a great deal in this country and in Europe. Her relatives are said to live in Wisconsin, where she owns considerable property, but none of them had made inquiries about her since her mind became unbalanced.

Why They Don't Want Joiner.

RALEIGH, N. C., Feb. 22.—Last Saturday the Rev. T. M. Joiner, who was run out of Randolph county just before the holidays, made his appearance here. He had been assigned to a Methodist church at Oberlin, a settlement of intelligent, well-behaved colored people, a mile from Raleigh. The people, however, do not want him, as their relations with the whites have always been amicable, and Joiner, they think, may make trouble. The reason of this—and the reason he was run out of Randolph county—is that he preached social equality and gave advice to negroes which is declared likely to lead to race troubles. Joiner claims to be a British subject.

Will Lose Heavily.

ST. LOUIS, Feb. 22.—A dispatch from San Angelo, Tex., which lies in the midst of the cattle producing region of that state, says the president's proclamation ousting the cattlemen from the Cherokee strip will entail heavy losses to Texans, who have leased large pastures in the nation at great expense and have purchased cattle with a view to driving them there to fatten this spring before shipping to the northern markets. A prominent stock dealer and banker says the losses suffered by cattlemen in Texas will be hundreds of thousands of dollars.

The Duke of Orleans' Case.

PARIS, Feb. 22.—The cabinet at a meeting Saturday considered the case of the Duke of Orleans recently convicted of violating the expulsion act and sentenced to two years imprisonment. It was decided to remit the sentence imposed and conduct him to the frontier. The duke was accordingly taken to the frontier Saturday. The route which the royal prisoner will follow is kept a profound secret.

A Jury Briber Sentenced.

CHICAGO, Feb. 22.—The jury in the Cronin jury bribing case has returned a verdict of guilty sentencing O'Donnell to three years in the penitentiary.

O'Donnell was much surprised and cast down at the verdict. Judge Waterman refused to admit the defendant to bail pending the motion for a new trial, but promised to hear arguments on the matter Monday.

A Verdict of Not Guilty.

CHICAGO, Feb. 22.—After a long and bitter debate the jury in the Twombley-Laroche case returned a verdict finding the engineer and fireman not guilty of murder in connection with the South Englewood accident on the Rock Island road last September, in which seven lives were lost.

Gladstone and Tennyson.

LONDON, Feb. 24.—Lord Tennyson and Mr. Gladstone are both reported improving in health.

SHOT WHILE AT PRAYER

The Supposed Crime of a Worthless Son-in-Law.

THREATENED TO KILL THE FAMILY,

And Finally Succeeded in Putting a Bullet into the Head of His Mother-in-Law—The Miscreant Escapes but His Capture Is Confidently Expected—The Latest Arrest in the Cronin Murder Case—Record of Crime.

LEBANON, Ind., Feb. 19.—Edward Randall and wife, aged respectively 70 and 65 years, have lived on the same farm, in the same house, for the last thirty years. They are held in high esteem and known for miles around as good Christian people. They are in good circumstances financially. The neighbors have a custom of holding prayer-meetings one night in each week at their homes. About forty ladies had gathered at Mr. Randall's Tuesday evening. After spending several hours in prayer and singing and during the closing hymn the report of a revolver startled all, and the next instant Mrs. Randall staggered and fell, feebly crying out that she was shot. On account of the old man's feebleness and the excitement of the women the assassin made good his escape without leaving the slightest evidence as to his identity. All attention was turned to Mrs. Randal and a doctor was summoned. Immediately upon his arrival an examination was made, which revealed the fact that the ball had passed through the window glass and also the stove pipe, then entering Mrs. Randall's head through her right eye and ranging clear to the back of her head.

Supposed Cause of the Shooting.

After making several unsuccessful attempts to probe for the ball it was given up. The old lady is still alive but unconscious. There is not the slightest hope entertained of her recovery. The entire neighborhood was up in arms in a short while after the tragedy, and the country scoured, but as yet with no result. As soon as the news reached this city a detective was sent to the scene, and through his efforts, it is rumored, a warrant was issued for Samuel Bell charging him with the crime. In May, 1887, Bell, a young man and considered a worthless sort of a fellow, married a daughter of Randall's. They had had several family quarrels, and had parted for weeks at a time, and finally deciding to have no more to do with him she returned to her father. As the family had no kindly feelings toward Bell he was not allowed to come around. It is rumored that this made him angry toward them, and, it is said, he frequently, when at Milledgeville, a small village in the south part of this county, made the assertion that he would kill the whole Randall family.

Mr. Randall Shot At.

Last Thursday evening about 8 o'clock Mr. Randall started to his barn. When about half-way between the house and barn he noticed a man stealthily approaching, and the next instant a revolver was fired at him. His dog being attracted by the report chased the man away. The ball had just passed over the old man's head and became imbedded in a tree close to the walk. It being dark the old man failed to recognize the man. He went back to the house at once and reported to the family what had happened. After talking the matter over they thought best not to make the assault known, but to be on the lookout and capture the scoundrel or get sufficient evidence to sustain a charge against some one. Not until the terrible affair of Tuesday evening did the family reveal the narrow escape he had run.

Excitement in the Neighborhood.

Intense excitement prevails in the neighborhood, and the fact that the old lady was shot down in her home during religious services brings out a determined and united body of men that will surely bring the right party to justice. Every little theory that is suggested is sifted down. Bell was seen to pass Randall's house a little while before the shooting, and his boot answers to the print left by the assassin. These facts, together with the threats he has made, lend evidence that he is the guilty one. He had been noticed by several in the Randall neighborhood together with a feeble minded boy who lives near Milledgeville, and some think that Bell has led the boy in with him to assist in getting away with the Randalls.

May Be a Lynching.

The escape of the guilty parties is hardly probable as men are determined to capture them. Parties were out on horseback all night in every direction, while others were detailed to go through the woods. If much more evidence appears against Bell and he is captured by his angry pursuers they may string him up to the first tree. It is generally supposed he is lurking in the woods, and his capture is looked for at any moment.

KILLED HIS BROTHER-IN-LAW.

Queer Verdict Returned in a Murder Case in Indiana.

VEVAY, Ind., Feb. 19.—A terrible tragedy was enacted Monday night at Florence, a village on the river above here, William Told, a member of the firm of Schrumpf & Told, shot and killed Fred Essman, his brother-in-law, mistaking him for a man—Lew Baldwin—with whom he had trouble late in the afternoon. Baldwin had followed Told home and had made an effort to enter the house by the front door, but failing to get in had gone away. Essman heard of the trouble and came to Told's house through the back yard, and was taken for Baldwin by Told, who called to him two or three times to stop, but not doing so, Told fired at him, the ball taking effect in his forehead. Essman died before midnight from the effects of the wound. The county coroner held an inquest over the remains and rendered a verdict of death from accidental shooting.

Supposed To Be Simonds.

ST. LOUIS, Feb. 19.—The Chicago detective who has made the arrest here of "J. B. Kelley," has purposely thrown all reporters off the track by making them believe the man under arrest is Smith, as told in a report sent earlier. It is learned that he is really J. B. Simonds, the man who had the furniture put in the Carlson cottage. The two men who arrived here from Chicago are Lieut. Brennan, of the Chicago police chief's office, and Martinsen, a Scandinavian, who hauled the furniture and who was employed by Simonds. They identified the man as Simonds.

Charged with Wife-Murder.

LONDON, Ont., Feb. 19.—Henry Smith, aged 65, was arrested charged with the murder of his wife. Mrs. Smith left her home on Monday on account of domestic troubles but returned at night. Two hours after she returned, Smith reported to his neighbors that his wife had killed herself, and the police found her dead with her head terribly beaten. The couple had lived unhappily and Smith's son is now in jail for assaulting his father while protecting his mother in one of their quarrels.

Decamped with $40,000.

NATCHEZ, Miss., Feb. 19.—Four weeks ago R. E. H. Smith, who represented the Corbin Banking company of New York city and who had opened a large plantation store at Elmey, La., disappeared. An investigation of his affairs, which has just closed, shows he decamped with fully $40,000. The Corbin company's attorney, who has been here, has left for New York.

A Dastardly Revenge.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., Feb. 19.—News was received at Frankfort that a young man named Booth, about 19 years old, waylaid a minister, the Rev. Mike Whisman, near compton, Ky., and fatally cut him with a knife. Whisman had once punished Booth while the latter was a school boy and Booth threatened then to be revenged.

Poisoned Her Own Child.

MADISON, Ind., Feb. 19.—The wife of William Richmond, of Trimball county, Ky., who deserted her husband and came to this city, is charged with having secretly returned to her former home and administered a fatal draught of poison to her baby during Richmond's temporary absence.

The Cronin Jury Bribers.

CHICAGO, Feb. 19.—In the trial of the alleged jury bribers, in this city Wednesday, ex-Bailiff Salomon swore that John Graham, the fugitive member of the conspiracy, was the man who superintended the illegal work.

Tired of Wrestling for a Living.

AMBOY, Ills., Feb. 19.—Joseph Myers, a German living about ten miles west of here, committed suicide by hanging himself in his cellar Monday morning. Financial embarrassmen is supposed to have been the cause.

FOREIGN NEWS ITEMS.

Death of Joseph Bigger.

LONDON, Feb. 19.—Mr. Joseph Gillis Bigger, Nationalist member of parliament for the western division of Cavan, died at his residence in Clapham Wednesday.

The death of Mr Biggar was the result of heart disease. Mr. Biggar was in his seat in the house of commons Tuesday night. During the evening he acted as a teller on the division which was ordered on Parnell's amendment to the address in reply to the speech from the throne, and which called for a repeal of the coercion act.

The Czar Careful of His Guard.

ST. PETERSBURG, Feb. 19.—In a duel between two officers of the czar's hussar guard, at Tsurskoe, both were wounded, one dying. The emperor was greatly incensed, and will make an example of the survivor. He says holy Russia is entitled to the lives of her sons, and they are not to be frittered away in quarrels over worthless women.

Colliery Disaster in France.

PARIS, Feb. 19.—A serious colliery explosion took place Tuesday night near Decize. Thirty-four bodies have thus far been recovered. The total number of victims is not known.

Fasted for Forty Days.

LONDON, Feb. 19.—Succi, the Italian, has just completed here a forty-days' fast. During thirty-nine days he fenced and swam, and on the fortieth day rode horseback through London.

Significant Appointment.

BERLIN, Feb. 19.—Dr. Nasse, an advocate of state Socialism, has been appointed to the position of governor of the Rhine provinces, succeeding Von Berlepsch.

Judge Kelley's Successor.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Feb. 19.—The Republicans swept the decks. They selected Senator Reyburn to fill the vacancy in congress caused by the death of Judge Kelley. They carried Capt. John Taylor for receiver of taxes, and fourteen candidates for police magistrates, together with Charles T. Warwick for city solicitor. It is about the biggest victory the Republicans ever won in Philadelphia. So confident were they of their triumph that they undertook to carry a Randall Democrat on their ticket for magistrate and in this they made their only mistake. The regular seven candidates seem to be elected. The Randall man, Egan, who headed the bolting ticket, polled many thousands of votes, but falls short of election.

The World's Fair Site.

WASHINGTON CITY, Feb. 19.—The division of the time of the house among the friends of the various cities struggling for the world's fair has been arranged. One hour on Thursday and half an hour on Friday will be allowed to each city. The friends and opponents of "Any fair at all" will be allotted one hour of each day, which the chairman, Mr. Candler, reserves to himself. As a result of a drawing had among the friends of the four cities New York will be heard first, St. Louis next, Chicago third, and Washington last.

Appropriations for Public Buildings.

WASHINGTON CITY, Feb. 19.—The house committee on public buildings and grounds authorized favorable reports on the bills making appropriations for the erection of public buildings as follows: Allegheny City, Pa., $250,000; Lafayette, Ind., $80,000; Burlington, Iowa, and Manota, Minn., $50,000 each. Also the bill increasing the appropriation for the building at Milwaukee by $200,000.

Union Pacific Affairs.

BOSTON, Feb. 19.—The official statement of the Union Pacific railway's entire system shows: Gross earnings for December, $3,554,364; increase, $266,290. Expenses, $2,596,786; increase, $505,748. For twelve months ending Dec. 31, gross $39,713,903; increase $630,787. Expenses, $25,016,584; increase, $517,487; net earnings, $14,698,319; increase, $103,300.

Senate Committee on Claims.

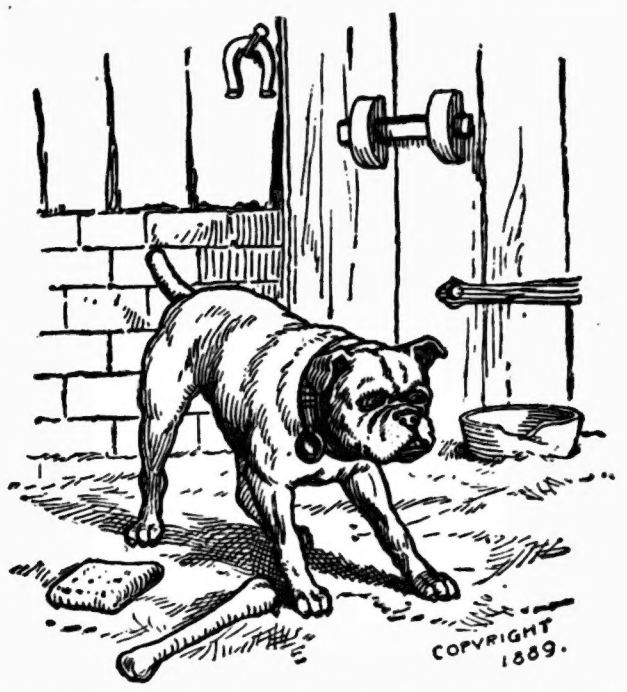
WASHINGTON CITY, Feb. 19.—The senate committee on claims at its meeting ordered a favorable report on the bill to authorize the secretary of the treasury and the proper accounting officers to restate, settle, and pay to the owners of private dies the balance of commissions due them. The bill appropriates $350,000.

The Panama Canal.

CHICAGO, Feb. 19.—The commission of French engineers who have been examining the Panama canal, are here on their way home. They decline to say whether their report will be favorable as to the practicability of completing the canal or not, but from their conversation it is inferred that it will be unfavorable.

Preferred Death to Capture.

READING, Pa., Feb. 19.—Henry Lebo, of this city, the fugitive wife-murderer, was captured in a farmer's smoke house near Robesonia, ten miles from here. When the officers arrived he drew a revolver and shot himself in the right temple. The wound is severe, but not fatal. Lebo was taken to jail.

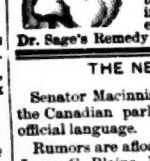


"I WILL FIGHT IT OUT ON THIS LINE IF IT TAKES ALL SUMMER."

The bull-dog is not an animal to be admired, yet he possesses one trait that at least entitles him to our respect. His tenacity of purpose is proverbial. It makes him a formidable adversary. A like trait has often enabled man to overcome great obstacles and win victory under the most trying circumstances. In fact, it is only by tenacity of purpose and indomitable will-power, that many of life's battles are brought to a successful termination.

Disease, like man's more material enemies, is often an obstinate adversary, and it is only by the most determined persistency in the use of the best remedy that victory is attained over it. While Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is *guaranteed* to benefit or cure in all diseases for which it is recommended, yet in ailments of long standing, which are usually alike slow in their inception and progress, the cure must likewise be effected by slow degrees and regular stages. This can only be accomplished by a *persistent* use of this wonderful remedy for a reasonable length of time. When so used, it conquers the worst cases of Salt-rheum, Eczema, Tetter, Erysipelas, Scalp diseases, and all manner of blood-taints, no matter of how long standing, or from whatever cause they have arisen. All Scrofulous affections, as Old Sores, or Ulcers, White Swellings, Hip-joint Disease, Enlarged Glands and Tumors disappear under a protracted use of this greatest of blood-purifiers.

"Golden Medical Discovery" is the only blood medicine, among the scores that are advertised, possessed of such *positive* curative properties as to warrant its proprietors in selling it, as they are doing, through druggists, under a **positive guarantee** of benefit or cure *in every case*, or money paid for it will be promptly refunded. WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Proprietors, No. 663 Main St., Buffalo, N.Y.



$500 OFFERED for an incurable case of Catarrh in the Head by the proprietors of DR. SAGE'S CATARRH REMEDY.

SYMPTOMS OF CATARRH.—Headache, obstruction of nose, discharges falling into throat, sometimes profuse, watery, and acrid, at others, thick, tenacious, mucous, purulent, bloody, putrid and offensive; eyes weak, ringing in ears, deafness; offensive breath; smell and taste impaired, and general debility. Only a few of these symptoms likely to be present at once. Dr. Sage's Remedy cures the worst cases. Only 50 cents. Sold by druggists, everywhere.

THE NEWS IN BRIEF.

Senator Macinnish has introduced a bill in the Canadian parliament making Gaelic an official language.

Rumors are afloat in New York city that James G. Blaine, Jr., has made several attempts to kidnap his child.

Stanley is in poor health and has declared he cannot leave Egypt until warm weather sets in.

The women crusaders of St. Joseph, Mo., were fined $5 each Saturday.

Cattle and horses in the vicinity of Wood River, Ore., are dying of staruation by the hundreds. Unless there is a thaw soon many herds will be exterminated.

John Norman, of Dallas City, Ills., has been warned by White-Caps. Wife beating is the alleged offense.

Leo XIII is reported by the Roman journals to be engaged in making extensive studies on the Socialist question preparatory to issuing an encyclical letter on the subject.

Wade Thompson, a desperate character who had served a penitentiary term for murder, was killed on Friday at Ceredo, W. Va., by Samuel Pratt, a reputable citizen, whom he had waylaid.

By an explosion Saturday at the South Omaha packing house of Armour & Cudahy three persons were killed outright, seven seriously or fatally injured and a number were hurt.

It is said that thirty deaths have occurred at Zanesville, Ohio, the result of taking a child who died of a contagious disease from Chicago to Zanesville.

The persecution of Jews in Russia and Germany has resulted in a plan for the calling of a Hebrew congress to consider the existing evils and their cure.

Our government Indian schools are educating over 15,000 children.

An expedition is forming at Arkansas City to move upon the Cherokee strip and take up homesteads.

Brown Bros.' dry goods store at Dixon, Ills., was broken into by burglars Saturday night and $300 worth of silks carried off. No clew to the thieves.

Standard time was adopted in Cincinnati Sunday. All business heretofore except that of railroads and telegraphs was done by local time.

Conductor Doolin was crushed to death while making a coupling at Lima, Ohio, Sunday.

Jane Simmons, a mulatto woman, of Milledgeville, Ga., has followed the butchering business for twenty years.

Two carloads of honey left San Diego, Cal., on Saturday for eastern markets. The yield of that county last year was 300,000 pounds.

Willis Barnes, of Charleston, Ind., has invented a little machine which is operated by clockwork, and marks automatically, on glass, 500,000 lines on the space of an inch.

The engineering industries of Great Britain are in such a flourishing condition as to cause a scarcity of men, the unions being unable to satisfy the requirements of employes.

Killed by a Boiler Explosion.

MOBILE, Ala., Feb. 24.—The tugboat Flora blew up about twenty-five miles above this place in Whitehouse bend. The vessel had stopped for repairs and the captain was on the bank putting on a hawser when the boiler exploded. The boat was blown into splinters and sank at once. Engineer Grimely and his son were killed; also the colored cook. Pilot Thomas Rowell was badly cut about the head. He was removed to the hospital here. The captain, Charles Hall, was struck by some flying fragments of the boat and slightly injured. Low water in the boiler is supposed to have been the cause.

Two Brothers Found Dead.

SING SING, N. Y., Feb. 24.—The bodies of John and Thomas Kelley, brothers, aged respectively 22 and 28 years were found off the steamboat dock at this place. There were no mrrks on either body to indicate foul play. The coroner was notified and the bodies removed to an undertakers. The two brothers went to New York on Saturday and it is supposed they returned on a late train and walked off the dock accidentally. Thomas was a coachman and John was engaged as a butler at the military academy.

Strikers Return to Work.

NATICK, Mass., Feb. 24.—The stitchers in Brown's Shoe factory who have been on strike returned to work Monday morning, understanding that their grievances would be satisfactorily settled.

THE MARKETS.

CHICAGO, Feb. 24.

Board of trade quotations to-day ranged as follows: Wheat—No. 2 February, opened 74½c, closed 74½c; May, opened 77½c, closed 77¾c; July, opened 76c, closed 75¾c. Corn—No. 2 February, opened and closed 27½c; May, opened and closed 29½c; July, opened and closed 34½c. Oats—No. 2 February, opened and closed 19½c; May, opened and closed 20½c; July, opened and closed 20½c. Pork—February, opened and closed $9.70; May, opened, $9.75, closed $9.70; May, opened $9.95, closed $10.00. Lard—February, opened $5.70, closed $5.72.

Live stock—The following were the quotations at the Union stock yards: Hogs—Market opened fairly active and firm, prices 5c higher; light grades, $3.90@4.05; rough packing, $3.75@3.85; mixed lots, $3.80@4.05; heavy packing and shipping lots, $3.80@4.05. Cattle—Dull; beeves, $3.25@4.90; bulk, $3.60@3.90; cows and mixed, $1.50@3.30; stockers and feeders, $2.40@3.50. Sheep—Weak; lower; native muttons, $3.75@5.60; lambs, $5.00@6.30; corn-fed westerns, 4.90@5.90.

Produce: Butter—Fancy Elgin, 27@27½c; fine creameries, 21@23c; dairies, finest, fresh, 19@22c; packing stock, 4@5c. Eggs—Strictly fresh, 13@13½c per doz.; ice house stock, 7c. Dressed poultry—Chickens, 7@8c per lb.; turkeys, 10½@11c per lb.; ducks, 8@12c per lb.; geese, 6@7c per lb. Potatoes—Peerless, 30@35c per bu.; Beauty of Hebron, 30@35c per bu.; Burbanks, 30@40c per bu. Illinois sweet potatoes, good to fancy, $2.75@3.00. Apples—Good to fancy, $2.00@3.50 per bbl. Cranberries—Wisconsin bell and cherries, $9.00 per bbl.

New York.

NEW YORK, Feb. 24.

Wheat—No. 2 red winter, 87c cash; do March, 85½c; do April, 85¾c; do May, 85½c; do June, 84¾c. Corn—No. 2 mixed, 36c cash; do March, 35c; do April, 35¾c; do May, 36¾c. Oats—Quiet; No. 2 mixed 27c cash; do 30½c. Rye—Dull. Barley—Nominal. Pork—Dull; mess, $10.50@11.50 for new. Lard—Quiet; March, $6.06; April, $6.12; May, $6.18.

Live stock: Cattle—Steady and firm; ordinary to extra steers, $4.00@5.25 per lbs; bulls, $2.25@3.50; dry cows, $1.50@3.15. Sheep and lambs—Sheep a trifle easier; lambs firmer; sheep, $4.00@6.50 per 100 lbs; yearling lambs, $6.00@7.50; spring lambs, in demand; $4.00@7.50 per head. Live hogs—Steady; $4.00@4.40 per 100 lbs.

Toledo.

TOLEDO, Ohio, Feb. 24.

Wheat—Cash, 77½c; May, 80½c; July, 77½c; August, 77½c. Corn—Dull. Oats—Nominal. Clover seed—Lower; cash, $3.20; February, $3.15; March, $3.17½.

St. Louis.

ST. LOUIS, Feb. 24.

Wheat—Lower; cash, 74½c; May and June, 77½c; July, 74½c. Corn—Lower; cash, 24½c; May, 25¾c; July, 28¾c. Oats—Lower; cash, 20½c; May, 23½c. Pork—Quiet; jobbing, $10. Lard—Nominally; $5.55. Whisky—Steady; $1.02.

Shot Himself by Accident.

ORANGE, Tex., Feb. 24.—Charles Glass, of this city, while carelessly handling a revolver, accidentally shot himself in the abdomen and died in an hour. His parents live in Williamsport, Pa.

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY,

CHIEF EDITOR.

Office, Unity Building, 79 Dearborn-St.

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Communications of a literary nature should be addressed to the editor. All business letters should be addressed to THE CITIZEN Newspaper Company.

CHICAGO, MARCH 1, 1890.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE,
Corner Clark and Washington Sts.—"Bluebeard, Jr."

McVICKER'S THEATRE,
Madison-st., between Dearborn and State—Rudolph Aronson's Comic Opera Co.

COLUMBIA THEATRE,
Monroe street, between Clark and Dearborn—Richard Mansfield.

HOOLEY'S THEATRE,
Randolph-st. between Clark and LaSalle—Nat C. Goodwin.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE,
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—Robert Mantell.

HAYMARKET THEATRE,
West Madison-st., between Halsted and Union "A Parlor Match."

HAVLIN'S THEATRE,
Wabash avenue and Nineteenth street—Frank Mayo.

JACOB'S CLARK STREET THEATRE,
Corner of North Clark and Kinzie Streets—"Monte Cristo, Jr."

NATIONAL PANORAMA,
Wabash-av. and Hubbard-court—Battle of Gettysburg. Open from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m., Sundays included.

PANORAMA—NAVAL BATTLE,
Michigan ave., between Madison and Monroe streets—The great naval battle between the Monitor and Merrimac.

We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

THE WORLD'S FAIR.

Chicago achieved a great moral and metropolitan victory on Monday, when the national house of representatives, by a handsome majority, decided to give her the World's Fair of 1893. It was a splendid triumph over more ancient, but less vigorous, rivals. Chicago, however, worked for the result in a thoroughly practical manner. There could have been no logical objection to this city on the score of situation. It is ideally situated for such an enterprise as that contemplated. It is easily accessible from Mexico, Canada and the countries of Central and South America. People in Europe, who may visit the Fair, will be better satisfied with a glimpse of American cosmopolitanism, as presented in the active civilization of Chicago, than with a view of New York, which, although magnificent in many respects, is not as "racy of the soil" as this city. Chicago is as American as it is possible to imagine, in a broad and comprehensive sense. It is the home of thousands of children of the different races and nations of the world, and, in spite of occasional bursts of race hatred or political rancor, it is about the most liberal city on the American continent. Its people, considering the diverse and originally antagonistic elements of which they are composed, live together, as a general thing, in peace and friendship. The universal enthusiasm with which all classes hailed the great victory achieved at Washington proclaimed that, on whatever else they might differ, all Chicagoans are true to their interests and proud of the prestige of their city. It is not possible, as some pessimists are already suggesting, that the senate will combat the action of the house. The latter directly represents the people, and its decision will be respected.

Now that the site of the World's Fair has been conceded to Chicago, it devolves upon all of us, rich or poor, esthetic or commonplace, to make the project a glorious realization. Our exposition must be something better than a mustering of mighty machinery, or a display of gigantic pumpkins or huge ears of corn. These things are all good enough in their way, as are also displays of dry goods, furs, jewelry and the like; but people from other countries will expect a display of Art commensurate with the growth of our country, and with the fame of American artists, both as sculptors and painters, abroad. The liberality of the nation will, no doubt, fill up the World's Fair picture galleries with the choice productions of foreign genius, but THE CITIZEN hopes to see American art—the native or naturalized product—represented in such proportion as will show that we are not entirely given up to the practical things of life. It is, indeed, only too true that nations do not live by Art alone, any more than men do by bread alone, and it is also indisputable that native genius, not alone in this but in all countries, is often sacrificed to extravagant fitness of foreign superiority and the fantastical whims of those who have the means to indulge their cultured tastes; but, in spite of all this, America should be able to furnish paintings and statuary, from native pencils, and native chisels, to show that in intellect, as in commerce, she is among the foremost nations of the earth.

As for towers of fabulous height, they may attract the attention of the million, because of their novelty, but they are by no means lovely objects to gaze upon, and the money expended upon them might be much better applied to other World's Fair objects. Nearly every cut that has appeared in the Chicago papers, setting forth the plan of a tower to out Eiffel Eiffel has been a close approach to the grotesque, and Eiffel's tower itself—as represented in cuts and engravings—bears an unfortunate resemblance to a huge oil well derrick. We could afford to forego the skeleton tower, if we could only make the exposition a success in all other respects, and THE CITIZEN has full confidence that the energy, ability and patriotism of Chicago will be, as ever, fully equal to the task of making the World's Fair of 1892 a matter of pride and inspiration to this Republic.

THE LORIMER COCKTAIL.

The Rev. Dr. G. C. Lorimer, pastor of the Immanuel Baptist church of this city, had better change to Scotch whisky straight, or Athol brose, in the future. American drinks do not agree with his Caledonian blood. Quinine cocktails must be dangerous concoctions, if we are to judge by the exhibition Dr. Lorimer made of himself at Holyoke, Mass., on Friday evening of last week. The dispatches to the American dailies describe the very disgraceful break he made as follows:

"Several weeks ago Dr. Lorimer was announced to lecture in the Young Men's Christian Association course at the Opera House. It is the fashionable course of the season, and is attended by the best people of the city. Dr. Lorimer's subject was put down as "The French Revolution." The fame of the speaker proved an attraction, and Friday evening the hall was filled.

"No sooner had Dr. Lorimer risen to begin than people began to look at one another in astonishment. He began by explaining how great were the benefits that his hearers derived from the overthrow of the influence of the priests during the French revolution. From this time he abandoned his subject and launched out into a tirade against the Roman Catholic religion. 'Yes, I hate the Roman Catholic religion,' said the speaker. 'I detest it with all that is in me. From my roots and branches I abhor it. You know that I am a Scotchman and was educated in America; therefore it is natural for me to detest the Catholic religion. Oh, I detest and I hate that schism.'

"As the lecturer proceeded he became more and more excited. At one time he would draw back on the stage and with sweeping gestures emphasize his denunciation of catholicism. Then advancing to the front of the stage, he would stealthily advance one foot beyond another, lean forward, and with fiery eyes and outstretched hands tell the audience again and again that he hated the Roman Catholic religion.

"The audience began to manifest displeasure, and several persons left the hall. The speaker continued with renewed vehemence: 'With its root back in Rome, surrounded by papal worms, catholicism sends its branches out to poison and to curse the world. Oh! oh! oh! how I do hate it!'

"The speaker strode back and forth on the stage, wrung his hands, and otherwise displayed great heat. The audience continued to thin out. In twos and in fours and sixes they left their seats and walked up the middle aisle. Still the lecturer kept on.

"'But we must admit there are some good people in the Catholic church, although they worship devils and virgins and statues. Oh, but that schism, that schism, that schism, is what I hate,' and he staggered back on the stage.

"More than half the audience had left at this point and few remained to hear the speaker through. He continued in the same strain to the end.

"A reporter saw Dr. Lorimer Sunday morning. He was asked if his lecture was an arraignment of catholicism and replied it was not and that he made no disrespectful allusion to that religion. He was not aware that his lecture had created any sensation, and denied that any delegation of citizens had asked of him an explanation. Later in the day a delegation from the Young Men's Christian Association called upon him, and last evening it was announced that Dr. Lorimer would speak of the matter from the pulpit of the Second Baptist church.

"The church was crowded. In the pulpit beside Pastor Booth was Dr. Lorimer. After the opening exercises Dr. Booth arose. He said that he had a statement to make in regard to Dr. Lorimer's conduct on Friday night. Dr. Lorimer was on that occasion suffering from the effects of an overdose of quinine. He had been ill and had taken so much quinine that it had robbed him of his mental and physical powers. Dr. Lorimer then rose and said that Dr. Booth had truly explained the affair. No one regretted the whole matter more sincerely than he, and it afforded him pleasure thus publicly to apologize. He then announced his text and preached a most brilliant sermon."

It is said that the Rev. Doctor was once an able comedian. If so, considering the wildness of the profession, there is no reason to enter up any charge against him, except that of "disorderly." Most people, when in delirium tremens, whether from whisky or quinine, and THE CITIZEN is inclined to give Dr. Lorimer the benefit of his explanation, see snakes, rats or some other kind of varmints. But Dr. Lorimer saw only "devils and virgins and statues," a very singular combination indeed. Quinine is snow white in color. THE CITIZEN can thoroughly understand why the Doctor should have seen "virgins and statues," but how about the devil? Was he dressed in white also? If so, his title of "sable majesty" is a misnomer. Whisky, especially Scotch whisky, is a liquid of a somewhat neutral color—in fact a water color. The Scotch admire the style, because, although socially excellent fellows, they like to pose as temperance people at a public bar. In point of color there is hardly a shade of difference between a glass of seltzer and a glass of Scotch usquebaugh.

But, when most Scotchmen indulge in cocktails at all, they prefer them in liquid form. Dr. Lorimer has set the fashion of taking solid cocktails, and, no doubt, his example will be largely followed. Hereafter when any reader of THE CITIZEN wants to take quinine, let him call for a "Lorimer Cocktail." The drug clerk will understand him without any trouble. We know quite a number of gentlemen in Chicago who use quinine very extensively, but they don't call it by that name. Dr. Lorimer being, according to himself, "a Scotchman, educated in America" is entirely above indulging in liquid cocktails. Were he an Irishman and a Catholic, he would not be credited with taking merely "solid comfort." Oh, no! When Irishmen and Catholics, or the American friends of Irishmen and Catholics, make a particularly "bad break," quinine, in public opinion, has nothing whatever to do with their eccentricities. The cause of their trouble is always ascribed unmistakably to "John Barleycorn"—a countryman of the Rev. Dr. Lorimer. The latter can now sing in explanation of his Holyoke escapade—

Oh, quinine, you're the divil,
And you're leading me astray,
Over hills and mountains
Off to Amerikay!
You're decenter and spunkier
And wholesomer than tay!
Etc., Etc.

THE QUESTION OF IRRIGATION.

It is very unfortunate that the two Dakotas should have suffered so much from drought during the last two or three years; but the residents in those great States must not suppose that their lot is any harder than that of many who live in other countries. It has long been known that the interior of almost all great countries like America are bound to suffer from drought from time to time. It has also been long known that the country between the Missouri river and the Rocky Mountains was, in a great measure, a rainless country. Not longer than fifty years ago, it was thought by some of our best explorers and scientists that none of this country west of the Missouri river would ever be available for any agricultural purposes other than cattle raising, owing to the continual drought with which it was supposed to be cursed. But millions of acres of what was, not long ago, thought to form part of the "Great American desert," have recently been brought under cultivation, and in many cases heavy crops have rewarded the husbandman for his toil. The worst that can be said of most of the country between the Missouri and the Rocky Mountains is that it is more subject to drought than other part of the Union.

But, as has already been said, the interiors of all continents are more subject to drought than are their seaboards. Russia suffers quite as much from want of rain as do the United States; and the smallest and newest of all continents, Australia, seems to be the most drought-cursed land in the world. Australia, as every one knows, is, strictly speaking, an island; but it is so immense that it is classed among the continents. Much as the people of the two Dakotas have suffered from drought for some time, the suffering in Australia, from the same cause, seems to have been infinitely greater.

It would be hard to conceive anything more harrowing and terrible than the condition of a very large portion of Australia from lack of rain. Throughout the greater part of Queensland and New South Wales, there has hardly been a shower during three years. Since 1886 those countries have been baked beneath a burning sun. According to accounts recently received, the sky has, for months at a time, been without a cloud. Sheep have died by millions. Even water for cooking purposes is procured only with the greatest difficulty. The country, not like the two Dakotas, is naturally poor of soil. Sheep farming may be said to be the only agricultural business carried on; but even that has got a blow from which it will not recover for years. The worst drought that ever occurred in Dakota would only give a faint idea of what a drought in Australia is. Brisbane, the capital of the most afflicted province, lies as near the equator as Havana does; consequently the heat is much more severe than in either of the Dakotas. A hundred and fifteen degrees in the shade is frequently registered by the thermometer. Whatever tin streams exist in the country become entirely dry, often for years at a time! The suffering people of the Dakotas can at least console themselves by the thought that bad as their condition is from drought, the inhabitants of Queensland are suffering still greater miseries from the same cause; and that the worst part of the United States is, on the whole, a better and a pleasanter country to live in than most parts of Australia.

The great national work that our government will have to perform in the near future, will be some great system of artesian wells or other irrigation for the countries west of the Missouri. There are at least two hundred millions of acres of the finest land in the world, or an area ten times as large as Ireland, that could be turned into an Eden if water enough for irrigation could be by some means procured. It is reasonable to think that the government will soon give the matter its serious consideration, for population is already beginning to be too dense in a large portion of the country where the rainfall is generally sufficient for agricultural purposes. We have some of the ablest and best trained scientific men in the world in this country, and it is hardly too much to expect that before long they will be able to devise some means by which water enough for irrigation may be obtained in those places where the soil is rich and fitted for agriculture. The question of civilization is rapidly becoming a burning one over vast areas of the country.

MR. MARTIN J. RUSSELL.

Mr. Martin J. Russell, associate editor of the Chicago *Times*, has been reappointed a member of the South Park Board of Commissioners without opposition. Mr. Russell richly deserves the honor, as his career in office has been one of zealous activity, scrupulous integrity and conspicuous good sense. THE CITIZEN joins with the myriads of Mr. Russell's friends in congratulating him on the well won recognition of his character as a man, and his ability as an official.

MR. RUSSELL REPLIES.

[*To the Editor.*]

CHICAGO, Feb. 27.—I wish to make a few remarks in reference to the letter signed "T. D. Norris" that appeared in THE CITIZEN of Feb. 22.

Mr. Norris says that it was he, and not any Highlander who fought at Culloden, who wrote the Gaelic of the letter describing the death of Golleabhan Mac Coimbich, which letter was copied in THE CITIZEN from the *Irish Echo*. If I was deceived about the letter, so were many other members of the Gaelic Society of New York to whom Mr. Mac Coimbich showed it. He requested me to have the document published in some Irish paper. I sent it to the *Echo* in good faith, for I never thought that Mr. Mac Coimbich would have deceived me. He was considered to be a very honest, straightforward man, and the last that would do anything dishonorable.

I have the manuscript of the letter; it is written by Mr. MacCoimbich, who said he copied it exactly from a letter in Gaelic by one who had fought at Culloden. I still maintain, no matter who wrote the letter, that the Gaelic of it is Irish Gaelic, that it bears no trace of any of the modern corruptions or distortions of Scotch Gaelic, that it is substantially the language of Keating and Carswell, and that it is as correct as the generality of Gaelic written by people of ordinary skill in that language. I cannot see any grave errors in it save the following: "Le n a thaobh," should be "le n a thaoibh"; "taobh," a side, is feminine, see Coney's Irish Dictionary, the only one that gives the genders of all nouns; "foluighthe le n a sgiath bheag," should be "foluighthe le n a sgeith bhig;" "sgiath" is a feminine noun, see Coney's Dictionary; "mbairbh" should be "mharbh;" "lamhach sios e," should be "lamhadh sios e."

I regret to say that Mr. MacCoimbich died about ten weeks ago. I have not anything more to say about this matter, for I do not know anything more about it.

T. O. RUSSELL.

"Honor the Light Brigade."

The London *Truth* refers bitterly to the fact that the surviving members of the immortal "Six Hundred" who rode "into the jaws of death, into the gates of hell" at Balaclava are nearly all in abject destitution. The whole number now living is only twenty two and it would seem as if the British government might at least out of its boundless resources provide a different asylum from that indicated in the following list given by *Truth*:

Private Brennan, Seventeenth Lancers, in a London workhouse.

Private Marshall, Seventeenth Lancers, disabled and in extreme want.

Private Smith, Seventeenth Lancers, cripple, in the Strand Union workhouse.

Private Cooper, Thirteenth Hussars, sweeping roads for Kensington vestry.

Trumpeter Donoghue, Eighth Light Dragoons (Hussars), living on charity.

Private Rogers, Eighth Light Dragoons, (Hussars), in Withington workhouse.

The other sixteen are nearly all similarly situated, two only being in the Chelsea hospital. What a mockery Tennyson's splendid tribute appears—

"When shall their glory fade
Or the wild charge they made?
Honor the Light Brigade,
Noble Six Hundred."

The workhouse and the almshouse seem to be the temples of honor for such heroes, at least in the estimation of the British government. Perhaps the fact that a vast proportion of the "Six Hundred" were Irish may have something to do with the phenomenon. At any rate, the shameful neglect chronicled by the London *Truth* is a burning disgrace to a nation whose boast is the glory given to martial deeds. But England's pocket is the seat of her feelings and what more could be expected?—*Buffalo Catholic Union and Times.*

Literary Notes.

It is evident that the editor of the *Arena* intends to keep his pledge of openness to all sides in the discussion of the great religious, social, ethical and economic problems of the hour. The March number of the *Arena* will contain the first paper by the Rev. George B. Cheever, D. D., the veteran orthodox minister, on God's Voucher for the Verbal Infallibility of His Word and Man's Destiny through Eternity. Bishop Spalding, of the Catholic church, and Canon W. H. Fremantle, of Oxford, England, representing Protestantism, are announced to review Col. Ingersoll's paper on God in the Constitution at an early date.

A NOBLE TRIBUTE.

That Paid by the Rev. Heber Newton, of New York, a Protestant Minister, to the Catholic Church.

Its Services in the Cause of Literature and Humanity.

The *Irish World* condenses from the New York dailies of Monday week the report of the most remarkable sermon delivered in years from a Protestant pulpit. The speaker was the Rev. Dr. Heber Newton, and in his usual Sunday morning discourse in the Church of All Souls he said:

"The Catholic centennial in December last was a very significant event. The centennial congress has riveted the attention of the country and has set all intelligent men thinking very earnestly concerning the future relationship to the State of a church so large, so rapidly growing, so thoroughly organized, so overflowing with enthusiasm, but with a historical record so full of warning to the lovers of intellectual and political freedom.

"I want to help you to a reasonable view of the Catholic church in the United States, that thus, in so far as we can, we may swell the force of public opinion which shall extend to this great church in her most taxing problems the charity of christians, while it demands from all Catholics the loyalty of Americans.

"He must be a dullard indeed who, in entering Rome, does not feel with Lecordaire the spell that is laid upon him—the presence of this mighty mistress of the West, this undying power which has seen states rise and fall, has watched by the deathbed of the greatest empire of the past, has nursed the nations of the New World into life, has seen peoples coming and going, while it lives on forever.

"The services of the Catholic church to mankind have been immense. In the fall of the Roman Empire there seemed no power left to preserve order and to civilize the barbarians who were pouring over the empire, carrying devastation with them. The ecclesiastical framework of the empire held together when the political framework fell to pieces, preserving society, maintaining social order, keeping alive the body politic. But for the church the modern world would have been an impossibility. Through the Dark Ages the Catholic church preserved what little there was left of culture. In the Middle Ages this church proved the nursing mother of the new born life of humanity.

"In the modern world the Catholic church continues her indispensable ministry to civilization. She polices the rude masses of society which, without her strong, firm hand, might prove the barbarians within our civilization against whom Macaulay warned us. Among whole classes which our Protestantism seems as yet powerless to reach she still keeps alive as of old the spiritual nature and educates it.

"The Catholic church is to be recognized by us as truly christian. She holds holds the two great sacraments which all Christendom holds, though she adds thereto other sacraments unrecognized by Protestantism. Here are the great catholic creeds which are shrined in our prayer book and which stand back of all Protestant confessions of faith. Protestantism has separated from the mother church only on secondary matters.

"She is pagan in a noble sense, as maintaining the line of historical continuity in the development of religion, as rescuing from the flood of years the symbols of ancient religions and preserving them for christian uses, as cherishing in her temples the venerable and sacred form of expression which the imagination fashioned in antiquity for those underlying essential mysteries of faith which are the common heritage of man as man, the forms of expression for those mysteries which, by the survival of the fittest, have lived on, finding no fitter forms to take their place.

"The Catholic church extorts from us our unfeigned admiration for her powers of organization and her skill in management. In every growing town the choicest sites you will find forestalled by her outreaching hand as the position for her future colleges and seminaries. Protestantism in its missionary work seems the bushwhacking of a mob, while the onward movement of this great church is as the tramp of a regiment.

"The Catholic church is to be admired for her wonderful *cultus* for the training of men. Nothing in antiquity is comparable for a moment in the sphere of religion with it. Nothing outside of it in christianity is its peer in this respect. What is there of the cravings of man in the realm of religion that is not met in this system—the system concerning which a good Protestant once said that it was so wonderful that, since it could not be of God, it must plainly be the work of the devil?

"The Catholic church commands from us our reverence for her special culture of saintship. How raw and crude seem our provisions for that imperious hunger of the human heart for sacrifice, for renunciation of the world, for absolute consecration, in comparison with what the teachings of this great church has wrought. Her history is a long bead roll of men and women of whom the world has not been worthy. And all today from every land she presents to us such types of self abnegation as have awed the hearts of our self-indulgent Protestantism in a Cure d'Ars and a Father Damien. He who in some unfriendly hotel in a foreign land has had a child lie at the point of death and found at his right hand a Catholic Sister ready by day and by night to nurse his boy back to life again, without money and without price, can never again feel toward this church of saints as he did in the complacent days of his callow Protestantism, wherein he saw only her defects.

"The Catholic church demands of us admiration for her comprehensive spirit. Here is a church within whose spacious walls all races gather, all classes mingle, all varieties of men feel at home. With magnificent statesmanship she has ever adapted herself to new circumstances and proven herself ready to change with the changes of man."

AN APPEAL TO IRISHMEN.

[*Nashville American.*]

President Fitzgerald, of the Irish National League, has issued an address urging renewed contributions for Ireland's cause at this time when the crucial test of the long struggle is near at hand. In accordance with the spirit of that address, President Killelea issued the following address:

To the members of the Parnell Branch: On the strength of the address of John Fitzgerald, President of the Irish National League of America, officially received by me, I make the following appeal to the Irish American citizens of Nashville in general. The address of President Fitzgerald ought to stir the hearts of all our fellow countrymen to universal activity in behalf of the cause of our motherland.

To the end that immediate steps may be taken I most urgently request a full attendance of all the members of the branch at a meeting to be held at 3:30 o'clock next Sunday afternoon.

The Parnell Branch has done such noble work in the past that it will not now fail to do its duty inasmuch as the prospect of home rule for Ireland is so near at hand, much nearer, in fact, than it has been since the defeat of Gladstone's home rule bill in 1886. I, therefore, earnestly appeal to the members of the branch and to the friends of the Irish cause to unitedly come forward and help to carry out the suggestions made in the patriotic address of President Fitzgerald. Respectfully,

JAMES KILLELEA,
President of the Parnell Branch of the Irish National League of America.

The Parnell Branch of the Irish National League of America held a lively meeting Sunday afternoon, President James Killelea in the chair. The interest shown was decidedly manifest in the general enthusiasm which prevailed over the near approach to home rule in Ireland.

The appeal from President Fitzgerald was most heartily received and indorsed.

On account of the entertainment to be given by that patriotic organization, the Emmet Society, on the night of March 4, and of that to be given by the Sisters of St. Bernard's Convent on St. Patrick's night, March 17, the Branch decided to postpone action on President Fitzgerald's address until some time in April.

Secretary John O'Beirne presented to the Branch an embossed copy of the ex-tradition resolutions adopted by the Branch some time ago. They were neatly framed to be hung on the wall in its hall.

A vote of thanks was tendered Mr. O'Beirne for the gift and the interest he had shown in the matter.

COMMISSIONER REILLY HONORED.

At 8 o'clock Sunday night last, No. 314 Centre avenue, the home of Commissioner Reilly, was invaded by a large delegation of his admirers from the different divisions of the city. The object of the assault on the commissioner, as was tersely stated by the chairman of the delegation, Mr. Michael Fitzgerald, was to honor one of their most respected citizens by presenting him with a testimonial to show the esteem in which they held him. The gift on this occasion was a solid silver star of exquisite design, the centre being set with a diamond valued at $400. Alderman Powers, in presenting the star said, "Commissioner Reilly, occasions like this always tend to bring friends closer and closer in their relations to each other. We had heard that you were of a genial and hospitable turn of mind, and we have come to test what truth there is in the statement. Mr. Reilly, about three months ago, you were elected to one of the most important positions in the gift of a free people, and during the short time of your incumbency in that office you have been a credit to yourself and the constituents who thought fit to place you there. That your actions have been satisfactory we can attest, for, sir, we have watched them closely. We certainly feel proud of you. Recently your friends conceived the idea of showing the marked respect in which they hold you, and came to the conclusion that a star was the usual memento for a successful candidate. Therefore, Commissioner, it becomes a pleasing duty on my part, in behalf of your numerous friends, to present you with this star. That your public and private career may be as brilliant as the diamond sparkling thereon is our ardent wish."

Mr. Reilly in responding said: "Gentlemen, unversed, as you know I am, in the fine art of ready speech making, I cannot feel otherwise than surprised, nay puzzled. Before thanking you I must cordially greet your presence and bid you a hearty welcome. In doing so, let me say I feel a satisfaction that is doubly pleasing to me from the fact that to meet so many admired and at the same time admiring friends is a privilege that is rarely accorded to the people of this locality. Gentlemen, I must confess that I feel highly honored by the flattering tribute paid to me to-night, and let me venture to assure you I truly appreciate the sentiments conveyed in this presentation. This beautiful star, which I hold in my hand, beautiful not alone from its intrinsic worth, but also from its really graceful and artistic design will always be dear to me in a twofold sense. Its brightness will serve as a brilliant light through which I can see my real friends, and it will also serve as an additional link in that chain of true friendship, ever characteristic of principles in men. With pleasure then I receive it at your hands, and in return, be pleased to accept the assurance of my enduring remembrance offered with sentiments of the truest esteem. In conclusion let me say:

"Within my silent memory's sacred shrine,
Engraved in shades of never fading hue,
A mirror bright shall ever, ever shine
Resplendent with this star received from you."

"Gentlemen, I thank you."

After a very pleasant entertainment, lasting till near midnight, at which songs and short speeches were indulged in, the delegation departed thoroughly convinced that Commissioner Reilly's hospitality was all that eager fancy could paint it.

THE PARNELL CASE.

The Saxon Commons Consider it in the Usual Cold-Blooded Manner.

The House Refuses to Consider the Motion of Breach of Privilege.

LONDON, Feb. 11.—In the house of commons Sir William Vernon Harcourt offered a motion declaring that the London *Times* in publishing the forged Pigott letters was guilty of a breach of privilege. He said: "Since the suit for libel has been decided in favor of Mr. Parnell and since it has been admitted that the letters used as a cover to the assault on him were forgeries, the house is afforded an absolutely sure basis whereon to act. It is now obvious that the object of the publication of the forgeries on the day when the Coercion bill had its second reading was to influence the division in parliament. It was a gross and palpable outrage on the house. A more flagrant breach of privilege could not be conceived. Some reparation should be made for this use of poisoned weapons." He urged that all sides should unite to brand with the stigma of parliamentary reprobation this practice of the art of political forgery (cheers).

Sir John Eden Gorst, Under Secretary for India, moved on behalf of the government that the house decline to consider the motion of breach of privilege.

Mr. Gladstone, who was loudly cheered as he arose, spoke in support of the motion. He said he could not consider that the *Times'* offense against the house had been purged by the apologies which had been made before the Parnell commission through Sir Richard Webster [counsel for the *Times*], which apologies grossly exaggerated the original offense ("hear, hear") He was surprised that Sir Richard Webster had allowed himself to be made the vehicle of such an apology. This was the earliest chance the house had had, and it was the most opportune moment for it to express its indignation over the publication of the forgeries. If the conspiracy against Mr. Parnell had been successful the result to him would have been absolute political death, and the mortal blow struck at him would have been felt throughout the Irish nation (cheers). The *Times* had aimed to affect the judgment of the house and it had really had in that direction a temporary success. He did not wish to dwell upon the horrible and loathsome character of the whole affair. He trusted the house would vindicate its right to deal with the offense. The government owed it to itself to deal fairly toward Mr. Parnell and the Irish people for the injustice done to both through the forgeries. Surely the house should not hesitate to express its full sense of the injustice (cheers).

Mr. Balfour accused Mr. Gladstone of dealing in flimsy fiction. He declared the delay was the fault of the Gladstone party alone, and said the charge that the *Times* had acted with a view to influencing the judgment of the house was a calumny. If that had been their object they would have had a better prospect of success by quoting freely from Mr. Gladstone's and Sir William Harcourt's denunciation of Mr. Parnell and the Land League. He objected to the ancient cumbrous, and often misused machinery of the breach of privilege.

Mr. Labouchere expressed his surprise at the petty and paltry arguments advanced by Balfour and Sir John Gorst. It had been proved that the *Times* had supplied Pigott with bank notes to provide for his family within ten days of the time when he had absconded.

Mr. Parnell, who was enthusiastically cheered as he took the floor, said: "Why did not the government appoint the committee of inquiry we asked for in the beginning? That would have made it possible to prove in 48 hours that the letters were forgeries. I never determined not to submit the facts to a jury, but always considered it absolutely necessary to discover from where the *Times* obtained its letters I recognized, however, that it was impossible to compel the *Times* to divulge this in an ordinary court of justice. Without knowing from where the letters came I would not have been able to prove that they were forgeries, and I should have been left with the opinion of all trained experts in the country against me. There would have been only my own word to convince a jury that certain letters, advanced and printed as mine upon the great authority of the *Times*, were forged. I think, therefore I was wise in what I did. I asked for a select committee, because to compel its agents to testify before such a body was the only method of forcing the *Times* to divulge that secret. As this was refused we are not to be blamed for the delay. But who is to blame? Can you answer that? You wanted to use those letters as a political engine, not caring whether they were or were not forgeries. You saw that it was impossible for us to prove that they were forgeries very speedily, and that meanwhile they would be useful to you in elections You used them to make capital against us and as a suitable engine for obtaining an inquiry into a much wider question, which you would never have obtained apart from letters that were forged for the purpose."

Administering a severe reproof to Sir Richard Webster, Mr. Parnell continued: "I, the leader of a party that must always be in a minority here, should be sorry to treat my most powerful opponents with the incredible meanness and cowardice with which I have been treated by them. Even now I am further insulted by the terms of the amendment, which insinuates that the forged letters may after all be genuine. If you believe those letters were forged have the courage and the frankness to declare it. I move to place the word 'forged' before the word 'letters' in the amendment to the motion."

Mr. Smith, in behalf of the whole government and his party, expressed himself satisfied that Mr. Parnell had proved the letters to be forgeries and consented that the word "forged" should be inserted as Mr. Parnell proposed.

The motion offered by Sir William Vernon Harcourt was then rejected by 260 to 312 and Sir John Gorst's amendment was adopted.

GARRYOWEN.

The following very spirited version of Garryowen seems not to have been printed before, and we do not know who the author is.—ED CITIZEN.]

Oh! Garryowen is gone to wrack,
Her blood is on the outlaw's track;
The night's long, starless, cold, and black,
Above the shining river.
Yet voices live along the walls,
That ring out like bold bugle-calls,
Through lonesome streets and ruined halls,
"Our native land forever."

Then hip, hurrah for Garryowen,
Her gray old walls and Treaty Stone,
We'll live for Ireland's sake alone
In Garryowen na gloire.

On those old walls brave Sarsfield stood,
And looked into the Shannon's flood.
And lo! 'twas flowing red with blood
Of foreign foes to freedom.
Within the good old town is still
For Ireland's cause some blood to spill,
And hearts to fight with right good will,
And Sarsfields yet to lead them.

Then three times three for Limerick town,
And Sarsfield's men of high renown,
Who trampled England's banner down,
In Garryowen na gloire.

Our good sires met the English hordes,
Their hands forever on their swords,
Their slashing blows the only words
They deigned to give the foemen.
And we will take our fathers' place,
And scowl into the Saxon's face
The hatred of a noble race,
Who will be slaves to no men.

Then draw your swords for Garryowen,
And swear upon the Treaty Stone,
To live for Ireland's sake alone.
In Garryowen na gloire.

Oh, for an hour in Garryowen,
In the crimson light of days long flown,
With our banner of green to the gay winds thrown,
To the chorus of the cannon:
To hear the thrilling bugle call,
And Sarsfield cry, "Behold the Gall,"
"Hurrah to leap both fosse and wall,
And pike them in the Shannon."

Then toast the men who fought and won,
Beneath the banner of the sun;
And we can do what they have done,
In Garryowen na gloire.

Though Garryowen has gone to wrack,
We'll win her olden glories back,
The night long, starless, cold and black,
We'll light with song and story;
And though her walls are overthrown,
We'll build them yet high stone on stone,
And Freedom shall be queen alone
In Garryowen na gloire.

Then hip, hurrah for Garryowen,
Her grey old walls and Treaty Stone,
We'll live for Ireland's sake alone,
In Garryowen na gloire.

A Love Feast.

On Tuesday evening, at the M. E. Church Block, Clark and Washington streets, occurred a particularly interesting and rather unique incident. In response to an invitation from the Highland Association of Illinois a numerous delegation from the Celto American League attended and participated in the enjoyable events of the evening's entertainment. The association of Celt and Gael "in the days of old, on the field, and in mansion, hut and hall," was dwelt on feelingly in the addresses delivered. Scotch and Irish songs were sung, significant references to Clontarf and Culloden, the Yellow Ford and Bannockburn were heartily applauded and one felt as much at home as if in Tipperary or Middlothian and not "far west" were the scene of the pleasant reunion. The event of the evening was the singing of a pathetic ballad by a Scotch lassie in the pure old Gaelic tongue. E.L.

THE CHILDREN'S HEALTH must not be neglected. Colds in the head and snuffles bring on catarrh and lung affections. Ely's Cream Balm cures at once. It is perfectly safe and is easily applied into the nostrils. It also cures catarrh, the worst cases yielding to it.

How Business Men Travel.

The New York *Sun* in a recent article on "Busy Men on the Cars," referring to two prominent New York business men who have important interests in Chicago and New York, says: "Both men travel with small, light valises or dispatch boxes, which are constructed especially to hold papers, documents, telegraph blanks, pads, files, and so on. The amount of work accomplished in the seventy-five hours between Chicago and New York was usually very great, for there was practically no interruption, and schemes were figured out and decisions arrived at in practical tranquility, though they were most of the time running along at the rate of fifty miles an hour. The advantages of American railroad travel are eminent in a case of this sort, for a section or private compartment on this train, with movable tables, facilities for being shaved and eating meals at regular hours, practically give a man the advantages of his own office. It is the most successful effort yet to annihilate time and space."

The train referred to in this article is the Chicago and New York Limited (Wagner Vestibule) via the Lake Shore and New York Central route, leaving Van Buren street station every day at 5:30 p. m. F. M. Byron, city passenger and ticket agent, 66 Clark street; C. K. Wilber, western passenger agent.

Something Interesting to Every Family.

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to your grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

T. Shea, Merchant Tailor

No. 184 East Madison street, fine custom suits at reasonable prices; also uniforms for all organizations.

"WARPATH AND BIVOUAC."

Mr. John F. Finerty's Volume of Personal Experiences and Adventures During the Campaigns Which Ended the Sioux Wars Now in Press.

All Who Desire to Possess This Stirring Book Should Immediately Send in Their Orders and Subscriptions.

Particulars as to the Terms of Sale—The Prospectus.

[*Copyright Secured.*]

Mr. John F. Finerty's book "Warpath and Bivouac, or the Conquest of the Sioux," a narrative of stirring personal experiences and adventures in the Big Horn and Yellowstone expedition of 1876, and in the campaign on the British border in 1879, is now in the hands of the printers, Messrs. Donohue, Henneberry & Co., and will soon be issued, in two styles of binding, octavo, at $3.50 and $2 per volume. The $3.50 edition will be bound in half morocco leather, with gilt edges and gold stamp on the back and side. The $2 edition will be bound in extra fine, silk finished, cloth, with marbled edges and gold stamp on the back and side.

Apart from the binding, the matter and material in both editions, including map and illustrations, will be the same.

The book is written in the well known narrative style of the author, when he was war correspondent for the Chicago *Times*, on the Indian frontier, and will cover all the exciting and thrilling incidents of the memorable campaigns of 1876 and 1879, under Generals Crook, Terry, Gibbon, Custer, Miles, Carr and other officers of distinction.

The volume describes the wild region commonly called "the Plains," and the wilder savages who occupied it, as they appeared in the adventurous days of which it treats.

Part I deals with the journey from Chicago to the frontier forts; the rendezvous on the Union Pacific railroad; the march upon the Platte; the great Black Hills gold fever, of 1874-6, which led to the Indian troubles; the rough riding of Indian campaigners; the warrior tales around the watch-fires of the troops; the splendid scenery of the Big Horn mountains; the deserted posts on the famous Bridger Trail; the theatre of the Fort Phil. Kearney massacre, in 1866; the burial in the wilderness; the first attack of the hostile Indians on Gen. Crook's camp; the charge of Mills' battalion of cavalry up Tongue river bluffs; the arrival of the picturesque Crow and Sho-sho-ne Indian allies in full war costume; the experiences of the infantry on muleback, and other interesting features of camp-life in the western wilds.

It also describes the march of the expedition against Sitting Bull, and the unequalled buffalo hunt participated in by the friendly Indians on both sides of the military column; how war correspondents are placed in Indian campaigns; the battle of the Rosebud, June 17, 1876; the mounted combat between the Crow and Sho-sho ne Indians on the one side and the Sioux and Cheyennes on the other, in full view of the troops; remarkable rescue of Sergt. Van Moll by "Humpy," a Crow Indian scout; the march of the cavalry down Dead Canon and the great peril in which Col. Royall was placed; the fall of Col. Henry, with a terrible wound in his face; the flank march of the battalions of Mills and Noyes; they fall on the rear of the Sioux, who retreat rapidly, thus relieving Royall's command; horrible mutilation of dead Sioux by the Crow Indians; the Sho-sho nes weeping for their dead, and other incidents of the combat.

The book then deals with the monotony of camp life, while Crook is awaiting reinforcements; how officers "sit down" on one another; the smoke of Custer's battle, of June 25, seen in the distance by Col. Mills; how it was mistaken for a possible prairie fire; the hunt for giant game amid the eternal snows of the main Big Horn range; Italy surpassed in beauty; a snow storm in July; the return to camp over a new trail

Following this comes a graphic description of the author's experiences in the famous Sibley Scout, July 6-9, 1876; the sighting of the hostiles; the retreat to the mountains; the firing from ambush by the Indians; the soldiers' skirmish line in the edge of the forest; wounded horses; the Indian charge and its repulse; the death of the Indian leader; a prolonged conflict; how it feels to be looking death squarely in the face; Sibley advised by the scouts to retreat on foot and abandon the remaining horses; perils of the movement at a distance of fully fifty miles from the main camp; the passes occupied by the savages; the retreat over the crest of the mountains, with all its stirring and romantic incidents; the tempest on the summit at midnight; scaling a beetling precipice; the Indians appear again; taking up a strong position; crossing a mountain torrent in the dark hours of the morning; sufferings of the men; four miles in six hours; in camp at last.

After the description of the Sibley Scout comes a lucid account of the awful Custer massacre; the Indian version of the Little Big Horn tragedy; the failure of Maj. Reno to support Custer; Gen. Terry's celebrated order to Custer before his fatal march; an atrocious butchery of the doomed soldiers; the battle with Reno's men in the bluffs; the opportune arrival of Gens. Terry and Gibbon to the rescue; joy of the beleagured troops; ghastly scenes on the Custer battlefield.

Next comes Gen. Wesley Merritt's fight with the Cheyennes on War Bonnet creek; he drives them into Red Cloud agency; the chief Yellow Hand killed by "Buffalo Bill" in a hand to hand fight; thrilling adventure of a scout named Kelly; how to go through the Indian country in comparative safety; Merritt joins Crook's column; pen pictures of notable officers and scouts; superb mountain and prairie fire and the wild flight of frightened animals; a night march on the Indian trail down the Valley of the Rosebud; meeting of Crook's and Terry's commands; the survivors of Custer's regiment; ghastly discovery on Tongue river; the Sioux scalping knife; sufferings of the march; "everlasting wet," and no tents to shelter Crook's men; "sleeping" under a deluge; remarks of the wearied soldiers; Crook and Terry separate; no terrible cross march to the Little Missouri and Heart river; horses die or "play out" by the hundred; the soldiers, being almost starved to death, use them for food; all else failing, the flesh of the animals is regularly issued for rations; the miseries of marching through mud; sickness among the troops.

Then follows a vivid description of the fighting at Slim Buttes; harrowing incidents of Indian warfare; a ghastly group of dead; the wounded and captured chief American Horse; his desperate and heroic resistance; "Buffalo Chips" and others shot dead; death song of the Indian women; Gen. Crook's humanity; the evening attack; Crazy Horse, after a gallant effort, fails to break our line; he finally retreats; next morning attacks the rear guard and is repulsed by Gen. Carr; the rain and mud grow worse and worse; astounding hardships of officers and men alike; startling adventure of Sergt. Van Moll and Corporal Bessie; they ride through a hostile Indian village in the night time, and escape by the speed of their horses; arrival of supplies from the Black Hills settlements; in camp on the Belle Fourche.

The entry of Gen. Crook into the Black Hills: his reception by the settlers; Deadwood as it appeared in 1876; a mountain municipality; gold dust as currency; hunting for horse shoers; the ride to Custer City; charming scenery; Crook as a path finder; a new mount and a long, hard ride; wild gallop over the plains of the South Cheyenne; reaching Red Cloud; meeting with noted Indians; a red letter night with "the regular army O" at the sutler's store; meeting with Gen. McKenzie at a midnight camp fire: a winter campaign; McKenzie gains a brilliant victory over Dull Knife; Lieut. McKinney killed; surrender of Crazy Horse; his base treachery and tragical death; Sitting Bull seeks the shelter of the British territory; Gen. Nelson A. Miles "settles his hash" a little later on.

Part II of the book contains the account of Gen. Miles' picturesque campaign, on the British frontier, in the Milk River region, Montana, in 1879. Among the scenes and incidents comprised in Part II are the voyage up the Missouri river, with a dangerous cargo on board, from Bismarck to Fort Peck; the improvised military stockade on the river bank; a friendly call from the Assiniboine Indians; scared hunters; celebrating the Fourth of July in the camp.

The mosquito pest; "smudging out" the insects; arrival of Gen. Miles with the main body of the expedition; Two Moons, the Cheyenne chief, and Long Dog of the Sioux; Gen. Miles' tart reply to Old Necklace of the Yanktonnais Sioux; recruits as horsemen; the Hotchkiss cannon.

The march to the British line; signaling by heliostat; Cheyennes pursue fugitive horsemen; Black Catfish and the Yanktonnais delegation; a frightened half breed, captured after a long chase; Lieut. Clark's command encounters Sitting Bull on Beaver Creek; Gen. Miles gallops with all his available force to the rescue; a sharp fight; retreat of the Sioux before the fire of the Hotchkiss guns; terrible thunder storm; a singular phosphorescent phenomenon; confusion in the darkness; Mr. Booth and his pistol; wild Indian scene in Gen. Miles' tent—a ghastly trophy.

Fording Milk river; contrary horses; how Indians cross rivers; gallant act of Private Dowd; narrow escape of Col. Whistler; recovering lost scalps; young Sitting Bull murdered by the Crows; hunting for the British Line; in camp near the Line; scouts see hostiles; Maj. Walsh, of the Northwestern mounted police, arrives in camp; he confers with Gen. Miles; death of the Cheyenne warrior, "Shadow Comes-Out."

Face to face with Sitting Bull; Long Dog's admiration of artillery; in sight of the hostile camp; a lying half breed; a scalp dance in Sitting Bull's village; a formidable array of savages; first look at Sitting Bull; his personal appearance and manner; Indian costumes; a group of famous warriors; they hurl speeches at the author; he replies to them; Broad Trail and Spotted Eagle; Bad Soup's sullen demeanor; Maj. Walsh's remarks; Sitting Bull leaves the council; a serious case of mistaken identity; Sitting Bull as a horse breaker; he explains his retreat from Milk river; the Sioux wailing for their slain.

Hobnobbing with the hostiles; looking at the Teton village, an imposing array of tepees; an immense pony herd; a reminiscence of the Little Big Horn; arrival of White Eagle; he calls upon the author; an unfortunate skirmish; Pretty Face mortally wounded; White Eagle's remarks; great tenacity of life; an old Indian acquaintance; a critical situation; White Eagle's warning; danger to the author from the Indian spirit of retaliation.

About pretty squaws; Indians not Christians; not half as dirty as painted; trained to endure suffering; the French half breeds; a peculiar people; primitive vehicles; farewell to the Sioux chiefs; back to the frontier; my escort; peculiar reflections; a hero of Balaclava; his story of the charge of the Six Hundred; how Cardigan led; headlong rapture of the charge; a mad impulse to kill; terrible sabre strokes; right through the Russian ranks; the ride back from "the jaws of death"; an Irish soldier's humor; an ungrateful country; the homeward ride; bivouacking under the moon rays; captured half breeds; exciting adventure with the Cheyennes; back to Miles' camp.

The half breed camp; light hearted prisoners; dancing in the moonlight; Gen. Miles breaks camp; the expedition dissolved: last view of the great northern bison herd; extinction of that race of animals; Capt. M—— and the coyotes; starved out; final surrender of Sitting Bull; the Sioux conquest completed. Appendix.

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MR. QUINN'S DEFENSE OF THE PURITANS.

[*To the Editor.*]

CHICAGO, Feb. 18, '90—In your issue of Feb. 18 Mr. Jeremiah Quinn, of Milwaukee, told your readers how much "pained and surprised" he was on reading the synopsis of Judge Moran's recent lecture on "What do we owe to the Puritans" because that eminent jurist had said "for no idea cherished by the American people today as essential to the maintenance of a republican government are we indebted to the Puritans."

The many hundreds of Catholics, Protestants and people of various other religious denominations who had the pleasure of listening to Judge Moran's lecture, as I had myself, felt differently from Mr. Quinn and seemed to be unanimous in pronouncing it a masterpiece of eloquence, logic, and historical research.

The Judge undertook to show that, "owing to the conditions at the foundation of the Puritan commonwealth, religious liberty and toleration were impossible;" that the "Puritan form of government, which was a theocracy, denied man his natural rights and liberties, as only members of the church could become citizens of the state and enjoy the privileges and immunities of freemen." He pointed out besides the bitter, cruel, relentless persecutions for opinion's sake maintained by the Puritans for many years against Quakers, Anabaptists, and people of all other religious denominations." He asserted, and clearly proved his assertion, "that the republic is the result of the gathered political wisdom and experience of the past, shaped on a recognition of man's natural rights and a trust in his capacity for self-government," and moreover "that the grim, gloomy, fanatical Puritan was the sturdy, courageous, uncompromising foe of the political truths on which the nation now rests," and in support of all his allegations Judge Moran adduced the unerring records of the law courts and the testimony of numerous contemporary historians and writers of unquestioned impartiality and probity Mr. Quinn, however, who seems to confound the Puritan age, which ended about the year 1692 when William III forced his charter on Massachusetts, with the age which followed the overthrow of the Puritan commonwealth, undertakes to refute all Judge Moran's arguments by pointing to "Old Puritan Bunker Hill where the republic had its glorious birth and baptism" nearly a whole century afterwards. If Mr. Quinn is a close and constant reader of THE CITIZEN he could have read in its columns not many months ago a long list of the names of Irishmen who assisted men of many other creeds and nationalities in administering that political sacrament at Bunker Hill. If Mr. Quinn had listened to Judge Moran's lecture he would besides know that he gave deputrianized Massachusetts full credit for the noble part she played in the Revolution, and made special reference to her faithful and fearless representatives John and Samuel Adams.

Neither did Judge Moran "slur the children of the Puritans for keeping their forefathers' day," as he only referred to the fact that "every recurring year it is made the occasion by those who seek to bask in the reflected glories of their Puritan ancestors for putting forward" the claims that the Puritans left untouched what there they found—freedom to worship God—and that the liberties which we now enjoy as a people are the result and logical outgrowth of the doctrines and institutions, practised, created and maintained by the early settlers of the Puritan colonies." How Mr. Quinn could feel pained as a Catholic by Judge Moran's passing allusion to the Maryland laws and think he carried his reference to them "too far" I am at a loss to understand. I do not like his disparaging allusion to the courage of his own ancestors and countrymen as an argument in favor of the Puritans, and as to his testimony regarding the "stern democracy, love of justice, etc.," of their descendants I have only to remind him if he had lived among their ancestors during the existence of the Puritan commonwealth and refused to look at things through the spectacles of the theocracy, he would be imprisoned, banished or flogged for his contumacy. I have learned from those who know Mr Quinn personally that he is a very estimable gentleman, who means well; nevertheless I cannot refrain from giving him a little bit of advice—and that is to pause and reflect again, before he rushes into print to criticise a lecture delivered by such an eminent scholar and level headed lawyer as the Hon. Thomas A Moran, and that too after reading a mere synopsis of it.

As Judge Moran's splendid lecture will, however, be soon published in pamphlet form, I will see that Mr. Quinn is furnished with a clean copy of it, and then I am sure he will frankly admit his present notions regarding the bigoted, fanatical Puritans are both ridiculous and delusive.

E. F. RYAN.

Look here, Friend, Are you Sick?

Do you suffer from Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Sour Stomach, Liver Complaint, Nervousness, Lost Appetite, Biliousness, Exhaustion or Tired Feeling, Pains in Chest or Lungs, Dry Cough, Nightsweats or any form of Consumption? If so, send to Prof. Hart, 88 Warren st., New York, who will send you free, by mail, a bottle of *Floraplexion*, which is a sure cure. Send to-day.

THE MEN WHO DO NOT LIFT.

The world is sympathetic. The statement none can doubt:
When A's in trouble don't we think that B should help him out?
Of course we haven't time ourselves to care for any one,
But yet we hope that other folks will see that it is done.
We want the grief and penury of earth to be relieved.
We'd have the battles grandly fought, the victories achieved.
We do not care to take the lead, and stand the brush and brunt.
At lifting we're a failure, but we're splendid on the grunt.

And there are others, so we find, as on our way we jog,
Who want to do their lifting on the small end of the log.
They do a lot of blowing, and they strive to make it known
That were there no one else to help, they'd lift it all alone.
If talking were effective there are scores and scores of men
Who'd move a mountain off its base and move it back again.
But as a class, to state it plain, in language true and blunt,
They're never worth a cent to lift, for all they do is grunt.

—Chicago Herald.

THE ELECTRIC HAND.

Early in the summer of 1866 I was sent from Yuma with dispatches for the commanding officer at Prescott, Ariz., being at that time in the employment of the government as courier and scout. All the tribes in the territory were hostile, and most of them were on the warpath. I decided, therefore, that it would be less dangerous to cut across the country than to follow the usual roads or trails on which travelers were being daily killed. I struck out in a northeast course, and followed that direction as nearly as the configuration of the country would permit.

On the afternoon of the third day, shortly before sundown, I struck the trail from Woolsey's Agua Caliente ranch to Wickenburg, and, following it for two miles or more, came to some water tanks. As I was getting into the Indian country I resolved to be very cautious. After preparing and eating my supper I carefully extinguished the small fire, and scattered the embers and ashes so as to leave no trace of it. After having given my pony a good drink at the tank I resorted to tactics with which every scout and mountaineer is familiar. Having ridden forward on the trail until I found rocky ground, where the hoofs of my pony would make no impression, I dismounted and put the mufflers on his feet. I then turned round and rode back, and passed the water about half a mile, where at a point some five or six hundred yards from the trail I found good galletta grass for the horse and made camp. I was on the east side of the trail, and safe from observation from it or the tanks. As these maneuvers were executed after dark I felt sure that they could have been witnessed by no one. I laid down my blankets and went to sleep with a feeling of absolute security.

Some time about the middle of the night I awoke without any apparent reason. Listening attentively, all seemed quiet. Sinking back to rest, I noticed that my pony had quit eating. This again roused me, and soon the perfect silence was broken by faint sounds of horses' feet in the distance. "If it be Indians," I thought, "my caution has been warranted, for they can't find me for some time at least."

The sound of the hoofs became plainer, and I was soon able to determine that a single animal made them, and that it was being hard ridden. Wonder and alarm took possession of me when, at a point on the trail directly opposite from which I was sleeping, the gallop broke, and at a much slower pace the horse came in my direction. I reasoned that it could not be an Apache, for a solitary Indian would select an open place at some elevated point to sleep. It followed, then, that the midnight rider was white and a stranger to the trail, and his approach was nothing more than a chance. This reasoning was completely upset when, in a loud voice, the strange horseman, now quite near, sang out:

"Hello, stranger! where is you? Don't be 'tall alarmed; it's all right!"

How the man could possibly know that I was in that vicinity was something passing my understanding, but I answered his salute, although in a lower and more cautious voice; and when he came up to me proceeded to inform him, in language more forcible than polite, that we were in an Indian country, and that the people who went riding over it yelling like Comanches were likely to lose a lock or two of hair; that this might be a trivial matter with him, but for my part I considered my tresses valuable.

"Beg pardon; but that's all right, partner," he coolly replied; "there ain't no Injun in five mile of here; that I can bet. But it's lucky for me you camped on the right hand side of the trail or I wouldn't have found you. Where's your water?"

I handed him my canteen, and as I was thoroughly vexed at his impudence as well as nettled at the ease with which he found me, I inquired, in a manner not at all intending to disguise my feelings:

"How in the deuce did you find me, anyway? Were you hanging around here watching me make camp, and waited until this time to make your presence known?"

"No," he answered, in an undisturbed manner, as he took his lips from the canteen.

"I know you did not trail me. My horse must have attracted you by some noise."

"No, partner, I did not hear you or your horse, and I reckon I was fifteen or twenty mile out on the desert, seeing the time of night it is, when you spread your blankets. I didn't trail you, either; I felt you. It's lucky for me you're on the right hand side of the trail."

He felt me at a distance of five or six hundred yards. The reply convinced me that I had been overtaken by a lunatic. Before I had a chance to speak again, he inquired:

"Where's highest water?"

I told him where the tank was, and with the assurance that he would be right back he rode away. That I was completely confounded at the strange visit and nonplussed with the traveler feebly expresses my sensations at the time. After the unknown traveler had returned from water, he unsaddled and staked out his horse, and I heard him gathering up twigs of the mesquite. Divining his intentions, I asked:

"What are you going to do now?"

"Build a little fire, partner, and have a bite to eat; haven't had nuthin' since mornin'."

"Well, if you are an escaped lunatic, and desire to commit suicide, I am not. Do you want to bring a hundred or more Apaches down here within the next hour, and have us both killed? This is my camp, and you shall not build a fire here to-night. You can wait until morning to eat; if not, go some place else and make your fire, far enough away so that I will not be compelled to suffer for your stupidity and —— nonsense," said I, losing all patience.

"Well, partner," the midnight horseman replied, in an injured and disappointed tone, but free from all offence, "I don't like to be unsociable, and won't do nuthin' when you says no, and I can wait till mornin' for my coffee and bacon. Man, I don't danger myself or nobody. A little fire in that wash there couldn't be seen ten yards by a Injun or nobody else, and when I tells you there's no Injuns nigher to us than five miles, I know what I is talking about. I was born in western Missoury, twenty-nine years ago, when the Injuns was tryin' to burn our cabin, and my good mother—leastwise, I never seen her—died two hours after I came to the world. Do you think that's for nuthin'? Do you think a good woman gives up her life for a boy who grows to be a man, and give up whites to the Injuns? No, sir-ee. I hates 'em, and I wish I could kill every one of 'em, for the whole lot of 'em, ten million times over, is not so good as my mother. I can feel 'em if they is nigh, and I have had one of 'em for every hair that was in her head—leastwise, if she was like other women. Travel with me, pard, and there is no danger to nobody. I'se a friend to every man as had a white mother, and an enemy to all Injuns. Good night to you!"

I awoke first in the morning, made a fire, and was getting coffee ready when the stranger got up. He was tall and slender, with a round, good natured face, black eyes, hair and mustache, and appeared several years younger than the age he gave the previous night. His countenance was frank and open, and his actions simple and modest. He gave the name of Dick Harbert; was going to Santa Fe—a very dangerous trip at that time—and was glad to have company. So, after our breakfast, we saddled up and started off together.

I learned little of my strangely met companion during our ride that day. He was a good rider, excellently mounted and well armed, and the only physical peculiarity I noted was that he was decidedly lefthanded. His right arm and hand may as well have been of wood for the uses made of them, yet they were apparently sound and uninjured. I became more and more mystified with the man. He rode along, so far as I could see, without giving the slightest attention to his surroundings, but his peculiar confidence was expressed and illustrated whenever he detected me inspecting the country with especial care, by some remark, as: "There's no Injuns here; never you mind, partner, I'll tell when they is around."

We had a good hard wagon road for the greater part of the day's travel, and, as water was plentiful, made good time. We entered People's Valley toward evening, and intended to make the old station, a few miles further up, for the night. Harbert was riding slightly ahead of me, when I noticed him drop a switch which he carried in his right hand, and extend that arm in front of him. A moment or two afterward he turned to me and said, with a smile which I thought unsuited to the situation, "There's Injuns about here."

I could not see the slightest thing to justify the assertion, and we rode on for about fifteen minutes before Harbert drew up his horse and said:

"Yes, they is to the north of us, and not mor'n half mile ahead of us. They think they'll s'prise us, but they won't do nuthin' of the kind. How's your guns, partner?"

I took a careful look at my weapons, while Harbert examined his pistols, handling them with his left hand, but did not take his rifle out of the holster. My curiosity had by this time overcome all other considerations, and I could not refrain from asking my companion how he knew that Indians were in that vicinity.

"Know? Why, I allus knows. Didn't I tell you before? I feel 'em. Listen."

With this, he held his right hand close to my ear, and my astonishment was complete. His fingers, which were slightly trembling, as I first supposed through fear or excitement, gave forth a very faint yet distinct metallic sound, more closely approaching that made by a tuning fork than any I had before or have since heard.

"It's my alarm clock; it allus goes that way when Injuns is nigh," said he, in answer to my countenance. "Now, if you is ready, we'll go on. We'll cut from the road to the right, and give the Apaches a long shot. You use the rifle, and I'll make my pistol count at short range, if need be; leastwise, I won't waste no ammunition, you can bet."

We started down the gentle slope at a long, swinging gallop, and sure enough when we had covered about half a mile I saw an Apache raise his head from behind a rock on the hillside to our left. As I drew up my Winchester to shoot a volley from four or five rifles was fired at us, but the range was too long, and we suffered no injury. I returned the fire, and, although there was no prearranged plan of action, both Harbert and myself wheeled our horses and started toward the Indians.

They broke from their shelter and scattered, all endeavoring, however, to pass beyond the ridge of the hill of the side of which they had made their ambush. I followed several up the hill in the direction from which we came, firing eight or ten shots, and having the satisfaction of seeing one of the murderous fiends fall to the ground.

As I had not heard a shot from Harbert, I turned around to see what had become of him, and thus witnessed one of the most extraordinary and inexplicable occurrences in my life. Harbert was pursuing, in a diagonal direction from me, three Indians, who were endeavoring to cross the ridge at the lower point than those whom I attacked, but, while within close range, did not attempt to shoot. Just at this moment a buck, who was nearest to him, pulled up his weapon, but the pistol in the left hand of my companion cracked, and the Indian fell over dead. I could see that Harbert's horse had a free rein, and that it understood the work in hand as well as its master, for in another moment it was alongside of the second Indian. No shot was fired this time. Harbert clutched the Apache by the neck with his right hand, and threw him from the pony he was riding, scarcely pausing in his mad chase after the third savage.

Thinking that the Indian who had been pulled from his horse was simply stunned, I rode rapidly towards him, but was surprised, upon reaching the body, to see, by the distorted features and protruding tongue, that life was extinct.

By this time Harbert had come up to the last wretch; again his right arm went out and his hand clutched the throat of the Indian, who rolled from his horse as though his skull had been cloven. Again turning into the road and shouting to me to follow, Harbert started in the direction we had been previously traveling at a speed which my pony could not begin to maintain.

The entire fight, if fight it might be called, did not last over five or six minutes. Although not unfamiliar with such things, I was completely bewildered. How did Harbert kill the last two Indians? He surely did not strangle them to death, for he did not take sufficient time, and he certainly did not possess the strength to dislocate a man's neck while using but one hand. Why did he not shoot them like an ordinary man would have done? Was he a wizard, and what unseen powers did he possess? While trying to settle these and other questions of a similar nature which rapidly came to my mind, I overtook my companion, who lay writhing on the ground in apparent agony, while his horse was quietly grazing on the grass near by.

Believing that he had been wounded, I sprang to his side to render what assistance I could, when he turned his face toward me and fairly hissed:

"For God's sake, man, don't touch me; it'll kill you!"

His jaws set, his eyes rolled and his features gave evidence of the most intense pain; great beads of perspiration stood out on his brow. His limbs were twitching, and his entire frame was convulsed. I never saw any one suffer such agony as Harbert did for the next five or six minutes, and when the throes became less violent he sat up and began rubbing and beating his right arm, repeating over and over again, in a low moan, "Oh, it'll kill me; it'll bust; it'll break; some time I'll cut it off—cut it off!" It was fully half an hour before the suffering man was able to mount his horse and ride to the station, but in the meantime he assured me he had not been wounded by the Indians.

We reached Prescott the next evening without any further encounter with the Indians, and during the day Herbert explained to me reluctantly—for he was averse to talking on the subject—the nature of his peculiar gift or ailment. It seems that he had possessed it since childhood, and was inclined to attribute it to the painful circumstances attaching to his birth. It was never thoroughly developed until he came into the Indian country, when he found that by the sensation in his right hand he was able to detect the presence, at considerable distances, of his inherent foe, and also that of other people if they were to the right of him. When unduly excited or angry his "electric hand," as Harbert himself called it, became an instrument of certain death, instantaneously killing any one upon whom it was laid. After such occasions he invariably suffered the agony I had witnessed the day before.

Poor Harbert never reached Santa Fe alive, his dead body—stripped of its flesh by the coyotes—having been found near Navajo Springs some two months after our meeting. The cause of his death still remains a mystery, and his premature demise unfortunately closed to the medical fraternity all opportunity of ascertaining the cause and determining the nature of the storage power which I saw him exercise.—Charles Lane Mosher in Boston True Flag.

Rapid Doubling.

A physician of New York, at a little gathering there recently, told of one of the first professional calls made by a fellow practitioner. He was sent for by a rich but avaricious man who had dislocated his jaw. The young surgeon promptly put the member in place.

"What is your bill, doctor?" asked the patient.

"Fifty dollars, sir."

"Great heavens!" And the man opened his mouth so wide as to dislocate his jaw a second time. The physician again put things to rights.

"What did you say your bill was?" again asked the patient.

"I said it was fifty dollars; now it is one hundred."

The man grumbled, but paid it.—Philadelphia Ledger.

No Chance for Damages.

Mrs. Merritt—I hear your husband fell on the ice and broke his leg. That was dreadfully unlucky.

Mrs. Giles—I should say it was. He fell on our own sidewalk.—Epoch.

FATAL BOILER BURSTS.

Disastrous Explosion in a Saw-Mill in Virginia.

TWO EMPLOYES KILLED OUTRIGHT

And Several Others Badly Injured—The Boiler in a Pumping Works on the Mexican Central Road Explodes and Kills Two Men—Fatal Train Wreck Caused by a Cow on the Track—Drowning Accident—A Babe Burned to Death.

GOLANSVILLE, Va., Feb. 21.—A disastrous boiler explosion occurred in Hunter Bros. & Co.'s saw mill, two miles from this place, at 6 o'clock in the morning. Two persons were killed outright and six others badly injured. Portions of the machinery of the mill were blown to a hight of 100 feet in the air, and carried over the Postal Telegraph lines, 250 yards from the mill. The victims, all colored men, were employed about the mill.

List of the Victims.

Their names are: Killed—William James and Henry Johnson. Injured: Samuel Fox, leg broken in two places and badly scalded; Jefferson Washington, leg broken and badly scalded about the face; John Jackson, face and body scalded; Benjamin Beanam, found under mill shed with arm broken and badly scalded about the face.

Cause of the Explosion.

Dr. W. C. Flagg, local physician, responded promptly and is doing all in his power, assisted by Hunter brothers, for the unfortunate men. The explosion made a loud report and could be heard miles distant. Firing up without sufficient water in the boiler caused the explosion. The mill property is a total wreck. No insurance.

Another Bursting Boiler.

EL PASO, Tex., Feb. 22.—A frightful accident has happened at Zabalza, a pumping station on the Mexican Central. The boiler burst and killed the two pumpers, who are both Americans, and the pump house was burned to the ground.

A BABY BURNED TO DEATH.

Horrible Discovery Made by a Mother After a Short Absence.

NEW YORK, Feb. 22.—A baby of A. Borst, of 1448 Park avenue, was burned to death by its 4-year-old brother. There were three children in the Borst family, Alvina, aged 5; Walter, 4, and Emily, a baby of 4 months. Mrs. Borst was preparing for her husband's home-coming when she discovered that she needed some onions. She made the baby fast in a rocker, kissed all the children, and ran out to make the purchase, leaving the older ones with an injunction to look out for the baby. She was back in ten minutes.

Set Fire to the Baby.

When she unlocked the door and entered her apartments she found the baby enveloped in fire, and it was dead before she could put out the flames. The two other children were nowhere in sight. Finally they were discovered under the bed. Walter said that after his mother left the house he went into the kitchen, climbed upon a chair, took a match out of the box, which is underneath the mantelpiece. After lighting the match he set fire to a piece of paper, which fell on the baby, and a feather pillow on which the baby sat took fire.

MISCELLANEOUS MISHAPS.

He Taught His Nephew How to Shoot.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., Feb. 22.—A fatal accident of a very peculiar nature occurred on Thursday last near Winslow, in Pike county, Ind. Charles Robbing spent an hour on Wednesday evening teaching his little nephew how to handle a revolver. The weapon used was empty. The boy became sufficiently proficient to satisfy his uncle, and was put to bed. Robbing then took the pistol and loaded it, after which he laid it carefully away and went to sleep himself. The boy, fond of his new accomplishment, awoke early, and at once found the revolver and proceeded to practice. He cocked it and aimed at his sleeping tutor. The uncle never knew the author of his death. The bullet tore through his heart. Robbing was a well-known farmer.

Wrecked by a Cow.

COLUMBUS, Ind., Feb 22.—At 4 p. m., as the gravel train was entering the siding at Clifford Station, to permit the passage of the regular passenger train, due in this city at 5 p. m., a cow attempted to cross the track and was hit, causing a wreck of thirteen flat cars, they being piled up on the caboose. Scott Henry, conductor, was crushed to death, and Willard Mitchell was badly injured and will probably die

Three Lady Students Drowned.

MILWAUKEE, Wis., Feb. 22.—Three lady students at the state normal school, Oshkosh, Mary Carney, Sarah Carney and a Miss Burns, all of Calumet county, started for church last Sunday morning and have not been seen since. It is feared they attempted to cross Lake Winnebago to their homes and broke through the ice and perished. The case was not reported to the police until Saturday.

A Number of Workmen Killed.

SUISON, Cal., Feb. 22.—A construction train returning from the blockade, four miles north of this place, was wrecked Friday by the breaking of a coupling. A number of workmen were killed, and three seriously injured. The number or the names of the dead cannot as yet be ascertained. One of the injured men will probably die.

Epidemic of Spinal Meningitis.

NEW ORLEANS, Feb. 22.—A special to The Picayune from Aurora, Tex., says that an epidemic of spinal meningitis is prevalent there. Several persons have died within the past two days from the disease. The people of the town are terror-stricken and fleeing from the place. Medical assistance has reached Aurora from Fort Worth.

Two Men Probably Drowned.

FORT MADISON, Iowa, Feb. 22.—Elisha Moore, a ferryman, started across the river for Nauvoo, Ills., with a traveling man Thursday. They have not been seen since. The ice is running heavily, and it is feared they were drowned.

A Shortage of $42,000.

LANCASTER, Pa., Feb. 22.—The bank examiner appointed to examine into the shortage of Cashier Bard, of the Lincoln, finds it to be about $42,000. The stockholders will hold a meeting to decide upon the future course.

Minister Lincoln's Son Worse.

LONDON, Feb. 22.—Young Abraham Lincoln, son of the American minister, upon whom an operation was performed for obstinate abscess, is much worse, and his condition is regarded as very critical.

Three little Maidens with their Skipping rope,
Forget that they were sent for SANTA CLAUS SOAP.
YOUR GROCER Sells it.
SANTA CLAUS SOAP, MAKES WASHING VERY EASY.
Standard Quality and Weight.
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PILSENER LAGER BEER

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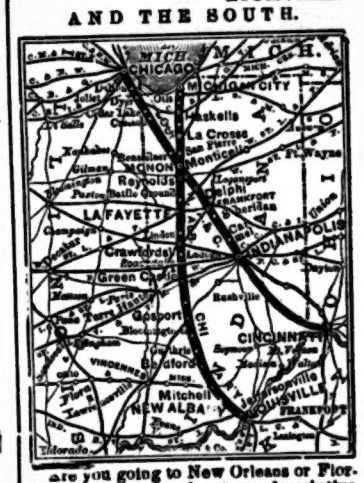

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DO NOT EAT TOO MUCH.

PROFESSOR ATWATER'S LECTURE ON A VERY PRACTICAL TOPIC.

The Relation of Food to Health—Ignorance of the Laws of Eating Claims Many Victims—Scientists Are Now Giving Attention to the Subject.

The lecture was by Professor W. O. Atwater, on "Food and Health." It was under the auspices of the scientific societies of Washington and the Smithsonian institution. The principal point of the lecture was the adaptation of food to the demands of the body, and of the evils of overeating and insufficient nutrition.

The eating of bread and meat is a simple matter, but the way in which the different constituents of the food perform their offices in the maintenance of life are problems as profound as any with which physical science has to deal. The works of nature culminate in man. In his organism her operations are most complex and recondite. The laws which regulate our physical being are discovered but slowly, and by the most ingenious and profound research. Those which govern the nutrition of our bodies have been shrouded in mystery, which only the investigation of later time has begun to unveil. But the crude theories of the past are being gradually replaced by the more certain knowledge of the present.

But this evil of overeating, be it great or small, is, of course, confined to the classes to whom generous fortune, unchecked by reasonable restraint, allows it. There are countless sufferers from dietary habits into which self indulgence has not tempted, but relentless fate have forced them. The overfed only pay for pleasure the penalty of pain. The greater misery of the underfed, their hunger, with its inseparable attendants, ignorance, selfishness, crime and degradation, are things of terrible moment.

The lecturer referred to the income and expenditure of the body, as follows:

"The body receives food, drink and oxygen, which constitute its income. Part of this material is transformed into flesh, fat, bone and other tissues of the body. The remainder, together with the tissues worn out by use, is transformed into urea, carbonic acid, water, etc. These products are given off from the body and constitute its expenditure."

Illustrated maps were used to show the dietaries of different people engaged in different occupations, and he proved that although people in this country work harder and need to have more and better food than those of corresponding classes in Europe, yet that many persons of sedentary habits, who really need but little, consume as much as would be required if they were engaged in severe muscular labor.

A certain amount of food is necessary to keep the machinery moving. A large number of well to do people of this country eat much more than is necessary. The excess consists of meats and sweetmeats. We ransack the four quarters of the earth for materials to excite the appetite, and thus increase the amount of food consumed. Most people of this country are engaged in occupations which require comparatively little muscular exercise, and the result is we impose upon our bodies the task of getting rid of a large amount of material in excess of its needs at fearful cost to health and happiness.

The cheapest food is that which supplies the most nutriment for the least money. The most economical food is that which is cheapest and best adapted to the wants of the user. But the maxim that "the best is the cheapest" does not apply to food. The best food, in the sense of that which has the finest appearance and flavor and is sold at the highest price, is not generally the cheapest nor the most economical, nor is it always the most healthful. It is important that people be taught about their food, but the first requisite is the information to give them. The subject is, however, new. In its investigation we stand upon the borders of a continent of which but a small part has yet been explored. In the great European universities investigation is active. In our own country extremly little has been done, and that little is dependent almost entirely upon private munificence for its support.

"What," said the speaker, "is to be done about it? In the first place we ought to find what flaws there are, if any, in the conclusions to which the best research of the time seems to force us. Then we must see how these conclusions are to be supplemented. This will require abstruse and costly experimenting. But at the same time the public needs to be educated. People need to understand the fundamental principles. The laws of a large number of states and territories require that physiology be taught in the public schools, but unfortunately the teachers themselves are deficient in training, and many of the text books are sadly defective."

In referring to the importance of painstaking research, the speaker cited the experience with the respiration apparatus. This in its best form has been used in a few European universities and experiment station laboratories, but not in this country. The greatest difficulties attend its management. Professor Henneberg, of the University of Goettingen, began work of this kind over twenty years ago and has only lately, and after the expenditure of many thousands of dollars, succeeded in getting his respiration apparatus into condition for experiments of the desired accuracy. But the great problem now before the student of animal nutrition is that of the income and expenditure of energy in the animal body. It will require the keenest, most elaborate and most painstaking efforts of the chemist, the physicist, and the biologist, but the effort toward its solution must be made.

In speaking of researches in this line in the United States it was that we are very far behind European investigators, that, indeed, we have hardly made a beginning. What we most need is trained men with high, scholarly ideas, enthusiastic devotion, and abundant means at their command. That we shall some time have these there is good ground to hope.—Washington Post.

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Columbia Court No 2—Thos Malley, C R, 24 Rumsey st; Wm Flanagan, R S, 2 Smart st; E D LeTourneau, F S; P J Sheehy, Treas; Dr J B Phelan, C P. Meet 1st Thursday, 8 p m, and 3d Sunday, 3 p m, in McElroy's hall, corner Indiana and Paulina sts.

Sacred Heart Court No. 3—James O'Neill, C R, 138 W 18th st; P J O'Keefe, R S, 265 E Indiana st; Hugh P Moran, F S; Henry Powers, Treas; Dr Wm C King, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Thursday cor. Canalport av and Union st.

St. Pius Court No. 4—P T Nichol, C R, 345 Hastings st; Francis McEneany, R S, 749 Hinman st; F M Quinn, F S; John Durkin, Treas; Dr David O'Shea, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Fridays, St Pius school hall, Twentieth st and Ashland av.

Jaques Carter Court No. 5—Geo Dalgel, C R, Blackhawk and Cherry sts; H Langlois, R S, Vernon Park place; A St Pierre, F S; N F Franchere, Treas; Dr F W Fitzgerald, C P. Meet 188 Blue Island av, 2nd and 4th Sunday. Conducted in the French language.

St. John's Court No. 6—Henry C Johnson, C R, 3127 State st; Wm J Graham, R S, 179 E 18th st; T J Magner, F S; D M McKindley, Treas; Dr D Bsullivan, C P. Meet in St. John's hall, 1st and 3rd Wednesday.

St. James Court No. 7—A E Perrigo, C R, 2967 State st; Henry S Hewson, R S, 2518 Butterfield st; W J Erler, F S; D B Quinlan, Treas; Dr P S MacDonald, C P. Meet1st and 3rd Friday, at 2974 State st.

St. Joseph's Court No 8—J J Lawler, C R, 11 W 11th st; Wm A Hoyne, R S, 337 Centre av; Thomas J Holland, F S; Thos G Martin, Treas; Dr Jeremiah Mather, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Wednesday, Sodality Hall, May and Eleventh st.

All Saints' Court No. 9—Jos A Smith, C R, 165 Napoleon place; B B Brady, R S, 505 26th st; Thos F Williamson, F S; J Griffin, Treas; Dr D Collins, C P. Meet at hall 2441 Archer av, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Mary's Court, No. 10—J G Schubert, C R, 133 22d st; W G Brennan, R S, 133 22d st; James Drury, F S, 95 E Polk st; Michael Moran, Treas, 25 Miller st; Dr W J Clary, C P; 163 State st. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, basement St Mary's church, Wabash ave and Eldridge ct.

Nativity Court, No. 11—Mathew Lamb, C R, 3458 Halstedst; J B McAuliffe, R S, 3023 Emerald ave; Thomas Ryan, F S; John Carney, Treas; Dr J R McNamara, C P. Meet at hall 37th and Halsted sts, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Patrick's Court, No. 12—John Davy, C R, 17 Aberdeenst; M J Ryan, R S, 971 Spalding ave; George B Valentine, F S; Wm J Moody, Treas; Dr C Hogan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, in Fitzgerald's hall, cor ner Adams and Halsted sts.

Marquette Court, No. 13—Thomas Rogers, C R, 481 W Ohio st; D B Hansen, R S, 832 W Adams st; M C O'Kane, F S; J B shiel, Treas; Dr P H Connolly, C P. Meet 2d Sunday 3 p m, last Friday 7:30 p m, at Anchor hall, cor. Paulina and Indiana sts.

Holy Name Court, No. 14—Hugh Manley, C R, 271 E Superior st; M C Cooney, R S, 362 Wells st; J F Owens, F S; J F Jaeger, Treas; Dr J K Winer, C P. Meet at Feehan hall, 2d and 4th Tuesday.

St. Thomas' Court, No. 15—Thos Mulvihill, C R, Woodlawn Park; John Mott, R S, box 46, Woodlawn Park; Thos W Gray, F S; P Chambers, Treas; Dr A E Garceau, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays in Flood's hall, Hyde Park.

St. Gabriel's Court, No. 16—John Hunt, C R; Peter Quigley, R S, 606 Root st; John Hale, F S; Wm Tracey, Treas; Dr J Rielly, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Sundays, 45th and Wallace sts.

St. John Baptist Court, No. 17—Somonauk, Ill—Felix Meyers, C R; John McNamara, R S, Somonauk; Henry Kuehlmann, F S; Geo Denlenler, Treas; Dr Edward Molitor, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Saturdays, in School hall.

St. Ignatius Court No. 18—Bryan Parley, C R, 110 Hastings st; Philip Devlin, R S, 261 S May st; S A Clow, F S; T J Lee, Treas; Dr T F O'Malley, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, Templar's hall, 250 Blue Island av

Western Reserve Court, No. 19—J Seuser, C R, 1009 Lake st; A J Vance, R S, 505 Park av; P Noonan, F S; H C Latus, Treas; Dr M H McGrath, C P. Meet 2d Sunday 4:30 p m, 4th Wednesday 7:30 p m, in Aqua Pura hall, 1096 W Lake st.

St. Nicholas' Court, No. 20—Peter Roth, C R, 409 26th st; N Pauly, R S, 2013 Wentworth av; F N Moninger, F S; M W Folz, Treas; Dr Emil Gilgohann, C P. Meet last Tuesday in basement St. Antonius' church, cor. 24th place and Hanover st., and 2nd Sunday, Schaeffer's hall, 2241 Hanover st.

St. Patrick's Court, No 21; South Chicago—Wm Tully, C R; Michael O'Neill, R S; F McWinnie, F S; D M Duggan, Treas; Dr J L Larkin, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Thursday in St. Patrick's hall, South Chicago.

St. Elizabeth's Court No. 22—B Burns, C R, 4423 LaSalle st; C A Reidy, R S, 796 Thirty-seventh st; Hugh O'Hare, F S; Thos M Curtin, Treas; Dr Chas F Caldwell, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St. Elizabeth School hall, 41st and State sts.

St. Sylvester's Court No. 23—P H Brady, C R, 809 Tallman av; E W Nye, R S, Humboldt Park P O; H Smith, F S; E S Ashenden, Treas; Dr D W Nolan, C P. Meet 2nd Sunday 3 p m, 4th Sunday 7:30 p m, at Legonia's hall, Western and North ave.

St. Benedict's Court No. 24—J P Lauth, C R, 361 N Clark st; Wm Klein, R S, 89 Mohawk st; Jacob Alt, F S; P Mueller, Treas Dr Jas P Buck, C P. Meet in St. Joseph's School hall, cor. Hill and Franklin sts, 2nd and 4th Wednesday.

Notre Dame Court No. 25—P C Harbour, C R, 186 Blue Island av; M Dore, R S, 14 Sangamon st; A Aubry, F S; J B Lavreau, Treas; Dr E D St Cyr, C P. Meet 1st Sunday, 3 p m, 3rd Sunday, 8 p m, at Franchere's hall, 188 Blue Island av. Conducted in the French language

St. Peter's Court, No. 26—H J Cremer, C R, 338 Sherman st; Joseph Seitz, F S; Val Schmittschmitt, Treas; Dr J J Thomiets, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursday, 8 p m, basement St. Peter's church.

St. Aloysius' Court, No. 27—J Murphy, C R, 548 S Jefferson st; Julius Esler, R S, 299 W Thirteenth st; John McShea, F S; John J Mannell, Treas; Dr Wm A Synon, C P. Meet in Sodality hall, Eleventh and May sts, 2nd and 4th Tuesdays.

Annunciation Court, No. 28—C A Hawley, C R, 880 N Boyne av; Edmond O Foley, R S, 412 Washtenaw av; Joseph E Gleeson, F S; James Burke, Treas; Dr. Charles Venn, C P. Meet corner Bobey and Milwaukee av. 1st and 3d Sunday, 8 p m.

St. Ambrose Court, No 29—P Farel, C R, 188 Blue Island av; John Bungraf, R S 144 Ambrose st; Aug Ehlebracht, F S; Henry Schlitt, Treas; Dr Brand, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays, 158 Ambrose st, 8 p m

Im. Conception Court, No. 30—D Deegan, C R, 286 Hudson av; W J Stapleton, R S, 326 Cleveland av; Joseph P Holden, F S; Edward O'Dea, Treas; Dr F H Cronin, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Friday, in Muth's hall, 30 Clybourn av.

St. Vincent de Paul's Court, No. 31—D A Lawtesh, C R, 241 Webster av; Jas F Lusk, R S, 232 Blackhawk st; J Conway, F S; Patrick McGuire, Treas; Dr Geo W Reynolds, C P. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Wednesday, at 3 and 8 o'clock p m, in Scool hall.

St. Stephen's Court, No. 32—J Hanrahan, C R, 16 W Sangamon st; David Cottrell, R S, 676 Larrabee st; J Kavanagh, F S; M Mitchell, treas; Dr J T Stanton, C P. Meet 1st Wednesday 8 p m and 3d Sunday 3 p m, 599 Milwaukee av

St. Michael's Court, No. 33—A Von Tesmer, C R, 241 Orchard st; John J Blindauer, R S, 158 Hudson av; M F Engel, F S; Henry Schomer, Treas; Dr Jas P Buck, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesday, St Michael's hall, cor North and Hudson ave.

St. Martin's Court, No. 34—Mathias Pitts, C R, 93 Gardner st; P Schmitt, R S, 200 Mohawk st; Fred'k Krings, F S; M Franzen, Treas; Dr Charles Keller, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday, Brand's hall, cor North and Clybourne av.

St. Lawrence Court, No. 35—Grand Crossing, Cook county, Ill—Michael Conlin, C R, J C Hayes, R S; S Marks, F S; A Neeb, Treas; Dr C W Pusey, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, Social hall.

Cathedral Court, No. 36—P McGarry, C R, 442 Seminary av; L Bohrer, R S, 323 Elm st; J P Devine, F S; F T Scanlan, Treas; Dr F H Cronin, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, hall 324 E Division st.

St. Agnes' Court, No. 37—John Begane, C R, Brighton Park; Daniel Kane, R S, Brighton Park; John Grady, F S; D Ackerman, Treas; Dr D Egan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday, 8 p m, Parish School, Brighton.

Blessed Virgin Court No. 38—Peter Doyle, C R, 71 Cicero court; L A Lafont, R S, 1704 W Twelfth st; Chas E Browne, F S; Dr L A Harcourt, C P. Meet in school hall of Our Lady of Sorrows 1st Sunday and 3d Thursday at 2:30 and 7:30 p m.

St. Ann's Court No. 39—Thos A Kenny, C R, 5524 Wentworth av; John McCoy, R S, 4946 Dearborn st; James Kerwin, F S; J J Cowen, Treas; Dr Doherty, C P. Meet in Kerwin's hall, Fifty fifth st and Wentworth av, 1st and 3rd Fridays

St. Alphonsus' Court No. 40—L Brieski, C R, 597 Southport av; Chas J Flugel, R S, 36 Clifton av; A Jobst, F S; Felix Hottinger, Treas; Dr John M Jacobs, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, Werheim's hall, Racine and Belmont ave.

Cour Lavel Court, No. 41—Adolphe Fournier, C R, Brighton P O; Adolph Bourbeau, R S, Brighton Park, Ill; P Deguire, F S; John B Dronin, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Sunday, at 7:30 p m, in McMahon's hall, 3137 Archer av.

St. Bridget's Court No. 42—J Schneider, C R, 5611 Emerald av; Thomas Duffy, R S, 3644 Ashland av; Thomas Lyons, F S; M McMahon, Treas. Meet in McMahon's hall, 3157 Archer av, 1st Monday, 7:30 p m, 3rd Sunday 2:30 p m.

St. Boniface court No. 43—Peter Mueller, C R, 596 Milwaukee av; Peter Schomer, Jr, R S, 102 Cornell st; Peter H Heinrichs, F S; W Kern, Treas; Dr Chas Venn, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, School hall, St. Boniface parish

St. Charles Court No. 44, Evanston—Chas O'Donahue, C R; John M Flood, R S; Daniel McCann, F S; N P Mersch, Treas; Dr E H Webster, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesdays, Foresters hall.

St. Hubert's Court No. 45—John Kolle, C R, 795 Milwaukee av; H J Sommers, R S, 587 W Chicago av; J H Nellen, F S; Frank Pioh Treas; Dr Chas Venn, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Sunday at 994 Milwaukee av.

McMullen Court No. 46—M J Kelly, C R, 158 Huron st; P C. Crane, R S, 381 Orchard st; S E Morgan, F S; G Tierney, Treas; Dr J A Benson, C P. Meet in North Side Turner hall, N Clark st. 1st and 3rd Tuesdays.

St. Leo Court No. 47—P E Hickey, C R, 1422 W Madison st; J J Hickey, R S, 420 W Indiana st; G Fitzgerald, F S; G White, Treas; Dr Wm Deegan, C P. Meet 2nd Tuesday at 7:30 p m, and 4th Sunday at 3 p m, Anchor hall, Indiana and Paulina sts.

St. George Court No. 48—Hubert Hartig, C R, 2949 Lyman st; Martin Hottua, R S, 2617 Emerald av; C Niersbach, F S; Chas Trunscht, Treas; Dr D Egan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday Dayes hall, cor Sanger af and Archer av.

St. Mary Court No. 49, Springfield, Ill.—J J McInerney, C R; John Carey, R S; Eugene Colgan, F S; D O'D Halihan, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays.

Assumption Court No. 50, (Italian)—F Brucciani, C R, 436 milwaukee av; G B Lagomarsino, R S, 70 E Indiana st; J L Pierceal, Treas. Meet in Assumption church.

St. Henry Court No. 51—Peter F Krantz, C R; Nicholas Alles, R S; M Winandy, F S; M Jasques, Treas. Meet in St. Henry school hall, Rosehill, 3d and 4th Thursdays.

Col. Mulligan Court No. 52—A F Teefy, C R, Room 21 Reaper Block; N J Pauly, R S, 258 W Congress st; P B Hayes, F S; Denis Molyneux, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays in Fitzgerald's hall, cor Halsted and Adams sts.

Waukegan Court No. 53—J H Finney, C R; J J Jemison, R S; John Michaels, F S; J R Dady, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday in Catholic school hall

St. Francis Court No. 54—K J Cody, C R, 98 Coulter st; Ed J O'Neill, R S, 98 Coulter st; David McGann, F S; Florence McCarthy, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays in St. Pius school hall, 20th and Ashland av.

St. Bernard Court No. 55—D Sullivan, C R, 448 31st st; J J Kenney, R S, 2816 S. Park av; John W Carroll, F S; Joseph Walsh, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Fridays at 2974 State st.

Canadian Court No. 56—L Drolet, C R; E G Richter, R S; L Goudreau, Jr., F S; M F Bochant, Treas; Dr. J N Fraser, C P. Kankakee Ill.

St. Cecelia's Court No. 57—J J Sepple, C R, 4511 Wentworth av; D Kavanagh, R S, 4721 Butterfield st; N H Powers, F S; M Cronin, Treas. Meet in St. Cecelia's hall, 2nd Sunday and 4th Wednesday

ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS.

COOK COUNTY DIRECTORY.

County Board meets second Sunday of each month at 3 p. m., at Fitzgerald's hall, S E cor Halsted and Adams sts.

County Delegate, J. W. McCarthy, Lemont, Ill.

County Secretary, P. B. Flanagan, 3623 Fifth avenue.

County Financial Secretary, W. J. Doherty.

County Treasurer, James H. Lynch.

DIVISION OFFICERS.

Division No. 1.—Wm. Sullivan, Pres., 198 Forquer st; B. J. Callaghan, V. P.; M. A. Manley, Rec. Sec., 375 Oak st.; Michael Lavin, Fin. Sec. Dominick F. Cannon, Treas. Meets 1st Monday of each month at 152 W. Madison st.

Div. No. 2—M. McCarthy, Pres., 610 Thirty-second st.; Thos. Halpin, V.-P.; J. P. O'Brien, Rec. Sec. 923 Thirty-fifth st.; Wm. Holton, Fin. Sec. M. Lamb, Treas. Meet at 2525 S. Halsted st., 1st Saturday of every month.

Div. No. 4—Daniel Collins, 861 S. Halsted st., Pres. J. Fletcher, V. P.; Daniel Gordon, Rec. Sec. 669 S Halsted st; P. F. Radigan, Fin. Sec. M. Rake Treas. Meets last Sunday of each month at 3 p m, at Canalport av and Union st.

Div. No. 6—Timothy Collins, Pres., 2106 State st; William White, V. P.; Michael C. Powell, Recording Sec., 44 Depuyster st.; P. V. Fitzpatrick, Fin. Sec.; James Fitzpatrick, Treas. Meet second Wednesday of each month at 3 p m at 144 S. Twenty-second st.

Div. No. 8—P. G. McGuire, Pres., 4217 Wentworth av.; M. Reilly, V. P.; Peter Quisley, Rec. Sec., 692 Forty-third st.; John Moore, Fin. Sec.; Mm Murray, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of month at 3 p m, in Town Hall, Town of Lake.

Div. No. 7—Pres., M. J. Barret 444 Ogden av.; Rec. Sec., William Madden 476 W Fifteenth st; Fin. Sec., James E O Brien 376 S Morgan st; Treas., Mark Hardin, 432 W. Twelfth st. Meet at 446 W. Twelfth st. the second Sunday of each month at 7:30 p m.

Div. No. 8—James F Sweeney, Pres., 375 Oak st; P. Dolan, V P.; Michael D. Sullivan, Rec. Sec., 355 N Market st.; M J Loous, Fin Sec. Jas. A. Flanagan, Treas. Meet first Sunday of each month at 3 p m, in North Side Turner Hall.

Div. No. 9—T C Egan, Pres; T Ahern, V P. Gilbert, Rec Sec.; M. J. McManus, Fin Sec. T Farrell, Treas. Meets the first Sunday of each month at 2 p m, in Eigenman's Hall, South Chicago.

Div. No. 11—Pres., Dominick Nicholson, 98 Emerson av.; V. P., Dennis Foley, Rec Sec. John Hoban, 396 W Indiana st. Fin. Sec. M. E. Lynch Treas. Martin J. Corcoran. Meets first Monday of each month at Anchor hall, cor Paulina and Indiana st.

Div. No. 13—Pres., Patrick Crimmins, 2862 Dorrity st; V. P., John J. Roche; Rec. Sec. James Lane 3138 Ashland av. Fin. Sec., William J. Joyce; Treas. James Kelly. Meet first Sunday each month at 3 p m, in Kasner's hall, Lock st and Archer av.

Div. No. 14—Pres., James Noonan; V.-P., Austin Clark; Rec. Sec., John Prendergast Fin. Sec., Edward Rogers; Treas., J. W. McCarthy. Meets first Sunday of each month at 3 pm in Dorrie hall, Lemont, Ill.

Div. No. 16—Pres. M. J. Ryan, 267 Michigan st; V-P., James Conway; Rec. Sec., William Talt, 81 George st; Fin. Sec., Andrew G. Dugan; Treas., James O Connor. Meet third Sunday each month at 3 p. m. at North Side Turner Hall.

Div. No. 17—President, P. B. Flanagan, 3623 Fifth av; V.P., Martin Mulcahy; Rec. Sec., William Corcoran, 3759 Butterfield st; Fin. Sec. Lawrence Hendy; Treas., Thomas Finnigan. Meets first Tuesday each month at 8 p m, 2736 State st.

Div. No. 18—Pres., M. Loftus, cor W Forty-third and Lasalle sts. V.-P., M Clark; Rec. Sec., Jeremiah Breshahan; Fin. Sec., Jas. Mulcahey. Treas., Jas. Dougherty. Meets fourth Monday of each month at Tilton's school house, Central Park, Ill. at 7 p m.

Div. No. 19—Pres., James H. Lynch, 72 Archer av. V.-P., C A Reedy. Rec. Sec., Thomas J. Waldron, 3831 Lasalle st; Fin. Sec., Joseph W. Connell Treas. Michael McCarthy. Meets first and third Thursdays of each month in Queally's hall, 3749 S. Halsted st.

Div. No. 21—Pres., Hugh Hackett; 156 Sherman st. V. P., John Moran; Rec. Sec., P. J. Barrett, 710 Loomis-st.; Fin. Sec., George Connolly, Treas., T. D. Clifford. Meets 3rd Sunday each month, at 3 p. m. at 188 Blue Island-av.

Div. No. 22—Pres., James Fitzpatrick, 1201 N Western av.; V.-P., P McMahon; Rec. Sec., Andrew Hickey, 1209 N Paulina st; Fin. Sec., P. J. Donohue; Treas., Martin Quinn. Meets first Monday of each month at 8 p m, at corner Hinman and Wood sts.

Div. No. 25—Pres., W. William J. Dougherty, 47th st. and Centre av.; V.-P., J McGeoghegan. Rec. Sec., Thomas Baker, 4714 Loomis st.; Fin. Sec., James Doherty; Treas., Patrick Grace. Meet first Sunday of each month at 2 p m, at Bishop's hall, corner Forty-seventh st. and Ashland avenue.

Div. No. 25—Pres., James F. Cantion, 251 N Carpenter st.; V.-P., Thomas Flynn. Rec. sec., Joseph A. O'Donnell, 259 N. May st; Fin. Sec., W. J. Graham, Treas., R. Franey. Meets the first Sunday of each month at 8 p m, at Apollo Hall, Milwaukee avenue.

Div. No. 26—Pres., John McHenna 5229 Wentworth av; V. P., J P Doheny, Rec. Sec., Hugh McNally, 445 School st; Fin. Sec., James Kerwin; Treas., Lawrence Reynolds. Meet second Saturday of each month at 8 p m, at Fifty-first st. and Wentworth-av.

Div. 29—Pres., Alexander Reilly, Kensington; Rec Sec., Dennis Guest, Kensington, Fin. Sec., John Travers; Treas, Thomas Markey. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays of each month at 8 p m, in Pullman, Ill.

Div. 31—Pres. John Dowling, 267 S California av; V.-P. Thomas Franey; Rec. Sec., Charles A. McCarthy, 1211 Lexington av. Fin. Sec., Thomas Judge; Treas., James C. King. Meets first Saturday each month at 1086 W. Lake st.

Div. 35—Pres., Thomas Doyle, 3109 Lowe av. V.-P., O Brien; Rec. Sec., Charles P. Holbrook, 3539 S. Halsted st.; Fin. Sec., Michael J O'Brien; Treas., Michael Kavanaugh. Meets first Sunday of each month at 3 p m, at Thirty-seventh and Dashiel sts.

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ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS B. OF E

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Elected at the New York National Convention, May, 1889.

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Patrick Dugan, National Secretary, 593 Grove st., Jersey City, N. J.

John O'Callaghan, National Treasurer, 734 Carroll av., Chicago, Ill.

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Rich. Powers, 2617 Dashiel st, Chicago, Ill.

John McFarland, 2734 Carson st., Pittsburg, Pa.

J. McDonald, Excelsior, Mahaska Co, Ia.

Terrence Donohue, 501 W. Forty-third st, New York city.

Thomas Norton, 421 Minnie st, San Francisco, Cal.

J. V. Canavan, Appleton, Wis.

T. F. Thornton, 3010 third av, Birmingham, Ala.

Dan'l Gallagher, Box 408, Steubenville, O.

William Sheerin, Trinidad, Colo.

P. M. Lunday, 323 Union av, St. Pueblo.

P. J. Healy, 2304 Seventh st., N W, Washington, D. C.

Thos. Noonan, 88 E Seventh st., St. Paul, Minn.

John W. Conoly, Lonaconing, Maryland.

Patrick Walsh, Benwood, West Virginia.

P. J. Walsh, 19 Spring st Portland, Me.

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Trustees, A Burke, P Dougherty, J. Larney, Maurice A O'Connor; State Medical Examiner, Dr. McIlroy, Sixty-third st, and Wabash av, Chicago.

COOK COUNTY DIRECTORY.

The County Board meets the 2nd

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Ericsson's Monitor.

John Ericsson, the great engineer, in a confidential letter, written March 23, 1866, said: "The great importance of what I call the subaquatic system of naval warfare strongly presented itself to my mind in 1826; yet I have not during this long interval communicated my ideas to a single person, excepting Emperor Napoleon III. What I knew twelve years ago, he knows, with regard to the general result of my labors, but the details remain a secret with me. The Monitor of 1856 was the visible part of my system, and its grand features were excluded from its published drawings and descriptions." Among Ericsson's papers were found, after his death, a series of autograph pencil drawings, showing these concealed features of his monitor system as originally conceived. They represent the ideas of subaquatic attack first presented in the Destroyer in 1878, after being withheld from the public gaze by their author for half a century.—Scribner.

A Born Mathematician.

A curious character in southwestern Maine is George S. McIntyre, whose appetite for mathematics and poetry has given him a reputation more than local. He is over 60 years old and has always led a hand-to-mouth existence, his remarkable proficiency in the branches mentioned never having proved of any particular value to him. His taste for figures was roused when he was a boy by the gift of an old algebra. He mastered this without assistance, and since then has never been able to satisfy his greed for mathematics, the most abstruse branches proving no obstacle to his strange mental acquirement. His fondness for poetry is also marked, and he recites at random from Shakespeare, Milton, Byron and Whittier. At present McIntyre lives in a Biddeford garret, subsisting on the scraps which charitable acquaintances give him.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

The Thread Leads to Fortune.

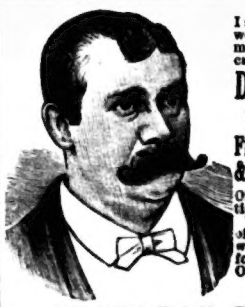
Ever since the police put a stop to fan-tan and other gambling in Chinatown there have been wailing and gnashing of teeth among the poverty stricken Chinese sports. The most ingenious of all the tricks yet introduced is as follows:

The fan-tan shops are now all upon the top floors of Chinese tenement houses, instead of down stairs, as formerly. A bright string is tied upon the knob of the door leading into the tan shop long enough to reach to the bottom of the several floors; a piece of kindling wood is fastened at the end, upon which is written in small Chinese characters this interesting information: "If you want a fortune quickly, please follow the string."

There are always so many poor Chinamen in New York who "want a fortune quickly" that lots of them follow these strings, and the places are always crowded.—New York Sun.

Dr. Talmage's Congregation.

Talmage preaches not alone to the 6,000 souls who are to fill the grand new tabernacle that is now rising over the ashes of the old one, but to the four corners of the earth. His words are translated into all tongues, and appear in Scandinavia in Swedish and in Spain in Spanish as they are in English in England. They are not infrequently met with in Chinese, in Japanese, in Turkish and in Hindoostanee as well. The late Henry Grady computed that each of his sermons in all lands has a circulation of 20,000,000. But even at the most conservative estimate possible it is beyond all cavil and dispute that every Sunday Brooklyn's famous divine speaks to at least 15,000,000 souls.—New York World



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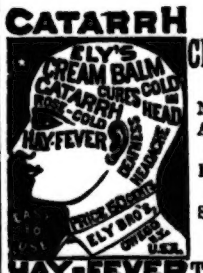

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NOTICE OF APPLICATION FOR PARDON.—Notice is hereby given that on or after March 18 A. D. 1890, application will be made to his Excellency, Joseph W. Fifer, Governor of the State of Illinois for a pardon for Michael Davis, convicted in the Criminal Court of Cook County in said State, at the November term thereof A. D. 1889 of the crime of confidence games. MICHAEL DAVIS.

JAMES O'CONNELL, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, OPERA HOUSE BUILDING, 112 CLARK ST.

ESTATE OF WILLIAM LUBECKER, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of William Lubecker, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of March, A. D. 1890, being the 17th day thereof. BARBARA LUBECKER, Administratrix.

Dated Chicago, January 22, 1890.
James O'Connell, Solicitor for Administratrix.

AGENTS WANTED ON SALARY. $75 per month and expenses paid any active man or woman to sell our goods by sample and live at home. Salary paid promptly and expenses in advance. Particulars and sample case FREE. We mean what we say. Standard Silverware Co., Boston, Mass.

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A gallon can is equal to 4 3-lb cans.

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This syrup is from this year's run of sap; is absolutely pure and comes direct from the camp in Ohio (We also have a pure Buckwheat Flour that would go well with this)

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A 2-lb can Sugar Corn for..... 6c
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A 3-lb can Table Peaches for.....10c
A 2-lb can Edwards' Maine Packed Corn for.....10c
This is the finest corn packed this year.
A 3-lb can California Egg Plums for.....10c
A 3-lb can California Green Gages for.....10c
A 3-lb can California Gold Drop Plums for.....10c
A 2-lb can Preserved Strawberries for..... 5c
A gallon can of Apples for.....10c
A 2-lb can Portland Lima Beans for.....10c
A 3-lb can of Golden Pumpkin for.....10c
A 3-lb can Finest California Table Peaches for.....19c
A 3-lb can California Peach Preserves for.....20c
This peach preserves is finer than any "your mother put up."
Snider's New England Relish, per jar,.....20c
Pure Fruit Jelly, per jar.....10c
A 20-lb pail Pure Fruit Jelly for.....68c

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RYAN, JOHN B., Attorney-at-Law, 152 W. Madison-st., Room 1. Residence 350 Blue Island-av., Chicago.

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DAVID SULLIVAN, ATTORNEY, 87 WASHINGTON-ST.

ESTATE OF FREDERICK PAYNE, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of Frederick Payne, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of April A. D. 1890, being the 21st day thereof. EDWARD DeLORENZO, Administrator.

Dated Chicago, February 4, 1890.

DAVID SULLIVAN, ATTORNEY, 87 WASHINGTON-ST.

ESTATE OF ROSE PAYNE, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of Rose Payne, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted, at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of April, A. D. 1890, being the 21st day thereof. EDWARD DeLORENZO, Administrator.

Dated Chicago, February 4, 1890.

DAVID SULLIVAN, ATTORNEY, 87 WASHINGTON-ST.

ESTATE OF BERNARD DONNELLY, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of Bernard Donnelly, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said Court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of April A. D. 1890, being the 21st day thereof. MARY A. DONNELLY, Administratrix.

Dated Chicago, February 4, 1890.
David Sullivan, Attorney.

THE 112TH ANNIVERSARY
Of the Birth of
ROBERT EMMET
GIVEN UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE
Irish Nationalists of Chicago,
AT
Central Music Hall,
STATE AND RANDOLPH STREETS,
TUESDAY EVENING, MARCH 4, 1890.

HON. M P. BRADY will preside.
HON. THOMAS BRENNAN, of Omaha, Neb., will address the meeting.
Song, MISS MARY BRADDOCK. Recitation, MR EDWARD HAYES. Banjo Solo, MESSRS. BURNS BROS. and McBRIDE. Recitation, MISS ALICE HIGGINS. EXCELSIOR QUARTETTE. Banjo Solo, MESSRS. T. JONES, GERB F. BYRNE, and ARTHUR McLANE. Song, MR. J. J. PHELAN. Recitation, MISS CAREY. Songs, J. C. V. BANCROFT and MISS CULLINANE. Bag Pipes, BARNEY DELANEY, and other local talent will participate.

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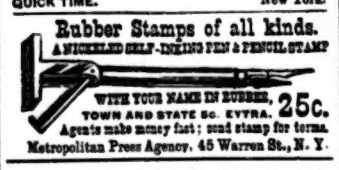

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STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF COOK, ss.—Circuit Court of Cook County. March Term, A. D. 1890. William Murray vs Patrick Murray, Michael Murray, Edward Murray, Andrew Murray, John Murray and James Cruikshank. In Chancery, No. 79,951.

Notice is hereby given to the said James Cruikshank that the above named complainant heretofore filed his bill of complaint in said court on the chancery side thereof, and that a summons thereupon issued out of said court against the above named defendants returnable on the first day of the term of the Circuit Court of Cook County, to be held at the Court House, in Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of which suit is still pending.

HENRY BEST, Clerk.
David Sullivan and J. B. Heffernan, Complainant's Solicitors

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